

CORONET

EMBER

25c



the most significant article of the year:

SEX vs. the U. S. O.

also a new Christmas Party Game Book Section for extra holiday fun.



Publisher: DAVID A. SMART
Editors: ARNOLD GINGRICH
 BERNARD GEIS
Associate Editor: OSCAR DYSTEL
Assistants: HARRIS SHEVELSON
 BARBARA BRANDT

Articles

Long Ago Christmas	HENRY SEIDEL CANBY	3
Misused Car Racket	FRANK W. BROCK	10
Hitler's Mouthpiece	ALBERT BRANDT	15
Good News about TB	GRETNA PALMER	23
Would You Have Children Now?		
Heroes in Mufti	MARGARET CULKIN BANNING	30
Sex vs. the U.S.O.	VICTOR H. BOESEN	34
Chicago's Indoor City	MICHAEL EVANS	55
Lifesaving on Wheels	KENT SAGENDORPH	60
Merchants of Wonder	HOWARD WHITMAN	66
Coroners of the Airways	TONY SARG	107
Europe's Secret Armies	MARQUIS CHILDS	113
	CURT RIESS	119

Fiction Feature

The Christmas Apple	MARGARET EYSEN	129
-------------------------------	----------------	-----

Features

Dumbo of the Circus	WALT DISNEY	19
Our People's Post-War Aims	GEORGE GALLUP	28
Say, Is This the U.S.A.: <i>Picture Story</i>	ERSKINE CALDWELL & MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE	39
The Gallery of Photographs		71
Case of the Frightened Barmaid	R. W. ROWAN	99
Press Barons: <i>Portfolio of Personalities</i>		101
Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow: <i>Coaching Print</i>		123
The Coronet Game Book Section		141

Miscellany

Forgotten Mysteries		8
Not of Our Species		111
Carleton Smith's Corner		127
Your Other Life		139

Cover Girl

Readers who secretly imagine lovelorn advisers to be hard-boiled reporters, movie ingenues to be gay reprobates, will be delighted to learn that Beatrice Pallister, the exotic-looking creature on this month's cover, has never been near the orient—was, in fact, born and raised in Hillsboro, Indiana. Now a popular Powers model, Bea still yearns for the farm. Meanwhile, she travels to Bermuda for travel ads, to points south for cigarette companies—staying in New York long enough for shots such as this one, made for Coronet by Paul Garrison.



CORONET, DECEMBER, 1941; VOL. 11, NO. 2; WHOLE NO. 62

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, \$3.00 a year in advance; elsewhere \$4.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1941, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Patent Office. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A. Semi-annual index available on request.

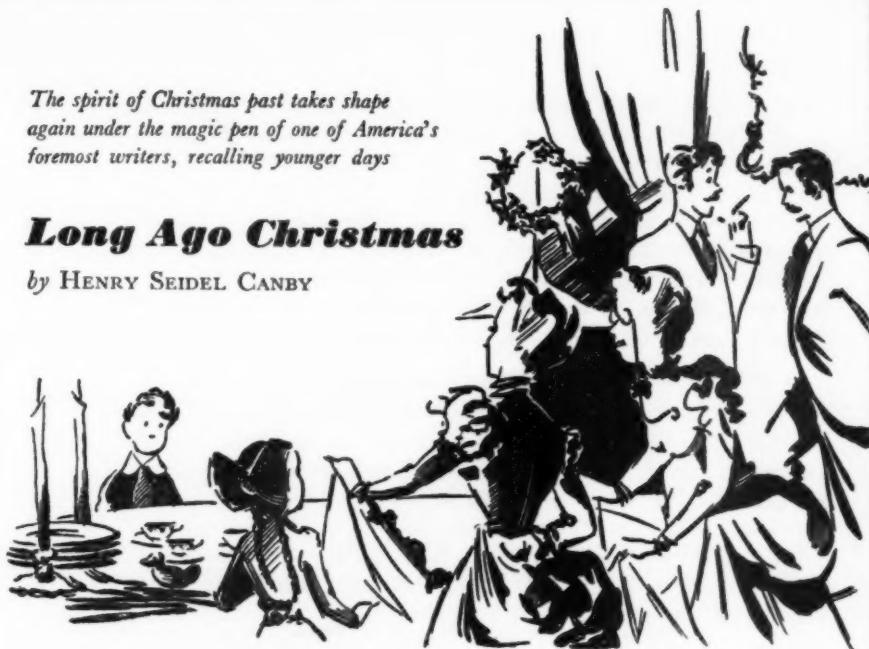
3
10
15
23
30
34
55
60
66
107
113
119
129
19
28
39
71
99
101
123
141
ardates,
the
ever
d in
Bea
Ber-
com-
shots
son.

2
Inc.
is on
nada.
Inter-
it, by
itorial
quest.

The spirit of Christmas past takes shape again under the magic pen of one of America's foremost writers, recalling younger days

Long Ago Christmas

by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



CHRISTMAS has become a children's festival, but that was only half the story in my youth. Where I lived, in an old, half-Quaker, half-Southern town on the Delaware, Christmas Eve and Christmas morning belonged to the children, but at Christmas dinner and on Christmas night, they were to be seen but not much heard. For dinner and the evening were consecrated to Christmas Reunion.

ON THAT evening our house became a shrine, with shutters bowed, lights lit and a roaring fire of logs set crackling

Christmas, after all the rush of shopping and parties and giving are over, is family time—time for quiet talk, and sentences that begin, "Remember when . . ." And the man who can tell about it best is Henry Seidel Canby, whose article in Coronet's last Christmas issue you liked so well that you asked to have him back. Mr. Canby has come a long way since Long Ago Christmas. Today he is contributor to Encyclopedia Britannica, contributing editor of the Saturday Review of Literature and chairman of the board of judges for the Book-of-the-Month Club, to mention a handful of his accomplishments. But at this time of year he brings you simple reminiscence for greatest Christmas cheer. We hope that you enjoy this.

in the fireplace. In the dining room, a long table had been ready for its decorations since afternoon. Now, out from cabinets and closets careful hands lifted the ancestral treasures that never, never were used at any other time: old silver, quaint china, the porcelain duck (famous among us children) that sat on a nest of eggs, the two old decanters with silver necklaces, one of which said "Madeira" and the other "Port" (though we had never tasted madeira and didn't like port). Best of all was the Christmas table cloth, embroidered in long lines of German script, each a Christmas message.

BUT THE SHOW was not for children, nor for strangers. No one ever came into our house on Christmas evening except the family. This was their annual reunion, and not to come on Christmas for any reason short of desperate illness was, as my great-aunt used to say, in-ex-cusable. To a child, crawling under a table after his toy engine, or curled up in a chair with a book, the preliminaries for this parents' Christmas meant only warmth and excitement, and the rich smell of roasting turkey. For the women, however, it was a ceremonial where, instinctively, they took control.

IT WAS THEY who knew the histories that had to be gone through at the beginning of each Christmas dinner. Each piece of china, each old spoon or candlestick, had its story—and every story was told. Here was Aunt Frances' silver porringer—poor woman, she died unmarried. And there were Great-Great Grandfather Robert's candlesticks. He was "wild." (We children thought he must have been an Indian.) And on two islands of the table cloth reserved for them were the great pitchers with golden B's on their necks, which Great-Grandfather Brandt brought home from Philadelphia on Christmas Eve when the country was young. He had to swim the flooded Schuylkill carrying them as a present for great-grandmother. I used to imagine him treading water, with a pitcher full of something good to drink held up in either hand.

ANOTHER KIND of drama came later, usually just after the soup. We had an uncle and aunt who lived (of all places!) in Brooklyn, and in (what do you suppose!) a brownstone house with neither front yard or back yard, and simply *no* room inside

for family furniture. She was much younger, much livelier, much prettier than my other aunts, which, I can see now, was held against her quite as much as the brownstone house. Although their train was always late, it never occurred to anyone that dinner should be held for them. I am sure that the real reason for this courtesy went much deeper than unkindness. The family wished to get on with the intimate ritual of silver and china and ancestral napkins and the old family stories before this bright young stranger from a more brittle world should arrive and break the mood.

AND SO, JUST before turkey, the bell would ring, and our black Isaac, setting down his tray with a murmured "My Lawd!" would hurry to the front door, and in with a rush of cool, crisp air, would come uncle and aunt, she chattering, he with an armful of parcels for the children. It was like a second Christmas. We were never allowed to open our new presents, until the pause after turkey, when it was supposed to be good for children to play a little and digest. But then we were delighted. The family never approved of the Brooklyn presents, and said so, audibly. They were cheap and mechanical, guns that shot rubber darts and tin butterflies that flapped painted wings. Exactly what we wanted after the books and the solidly made games the family had given us.

BUT IT IS the after-dinner hour that I remember best in Christmas Reunion. Mother always made the coffee on the table over a spirit lamp which Isaac set before her. Then the family moved back into the parlor and Christmas night began. The kittens had pulled the ornaments off the lower branches of the tree while we were at dinner, and the dog was asleep in father's chair in front of the fire, but everyone was good-natured. I used to follow my father and uncles and grandfathers to their end of the living room, but I soon tired of that and, with the other children, crawled back by the fire and listened to mother and the grandmothers and the aunts.

THEY SOON FORGOT US, and talked their own talk. Indeed, it was there that I first got hints about some of the Facts of Life. A languor of warmth and overeating spread through the room. The women talked in low voices, women's talk, not meant

for men and little boys. Something was going to happen to our Brooklyn aunt, and as she whispered I could feel a subtle change in the family attitude, more sympathetic, less distrustful. I heard my great-aunt say, "I hope it's a boy. We've too many girls in the family." A boy, a baby? I'd have to look into this. So I stuck my head out from behind the sofa where I was hiding and asked if she wouldn't have him now, so we could play with him this Christmas. That ended my Christmas night!

THREE WERE OTHER Christmas nights when I was more fortunate. My sister and my cousins, each hugging dolls and rabbits and lambs, were taken up to bed, but I, as the oldest boy, was allowed to stay, forgotten in the dark corner where I stretched out on a cushion with my favorite toy train to push back and forth beside me. The grandfathers and uncles joined the grandmothers and aunts around the fire, and soon the talk softened into reminiscence. My mother said, "Ned, does thee remember?"—and soon, just as if I were reading a book, I was back in another generation of youngsters who seemed just like us. It was as if I had suddenly waked up to find myself playing with the girls and boys in my favorite *Little Women*. Mother's voice was actually girlish. And father was giggling. And the uncles were telling stories of pranks for which I knew we would have been spanked.

THEN THE GRANDPARENTS began. The one with the spade beard and the kindly twinkling eyes told of when he had first been an ironmaster of a forge in the mountains, and an old bachelor, too; and how, driving his buggy over a lonely mountain road, he had caught up with a lovely girl walking home from the school she taught; and how at first she was shy and would not take a lift, but afterwards smiled and said she might as well—and how, before he left her at the village, he had kissed her. The girl was grandma! I couldn't believe it! "Kiss her again, grandpa," I murmured; and they were still laughing when I was whisked off to bed.

IMUST HAVE BEEN twelve before I saw Christmas Reunion to its end. This time I curled up in the big chair and asked questions until I grew sleepy; but they forgot me as before

and it must have been midnight when I woke up to some sound that had stopped the conversation. "Dear me, it's Isaac," I heard mother say, followed by a crash in the distant pantry. "O, Ned, go quick, that sounded like the big bowl." But before father got under way, Isaac himself was at the parlor door, swaying a little, his face warmly luminous like a big chocolate birthday cake. "Merry Christmas, Miss Elly," said Isaac over and over again, "Merry Christmas." "Isaac, go home to bed," Father said, not unkindly. "Yaas, sir, that's what I thought. Happy New Year to all the fambly."

AFTERWARDS, father kissed mother and all the aunts and the grandmothers, and the uncles did likewise. And my Quaker grandfather, tall and white-bearded and kindly, patted the shoulder of my Quaker grandmother, which was the nearest to a caress I ever saw between them. And then my other grandfather, the ironmaster, took down the big holly wreath from over the mantle, saying, "When I was a boy by the Schuylkill, this is what the German people did on Christmas night." So he put the wreath on the fire. It blazed blue, the red berries popping, until there was only a ring of bright fire on top of the logs. "Happy New Year to all the fambly," he said, twinkling—and we went to bed.



The Fine Art of Giving

CHOOSING gifts for children is an art. The careers of many famous men were started through chance presents in childhood.

The Mayo Brothers declare that the gift of a good microscope from their father while they were in high school clinched their choice of the medical profession as a life work.

The family of Raymond Ditmars encouraged him in his hobby of collecting moths. One day he asked the American Museum of Natural History to name some puzzling specimens for him. He has been in the Museum's employ ever since.

H. L. Mencken's father bought a printing press when the now-famous critic was a boy of eight. "If it had been a stethoscope, I might have gone in for medicine," Mencken says. "As it was, I got the smell of printer's ink up my nose."—ERIC BERGER

 Tales like these have no place in a reasonable world. Told by reliable witnesses but unbelievable nevertheless, they are easier to forget than to explain

• • • Hearing of Robert Browning's stout skepticism of all alleged supernormal occurrences, an Italian nobleman, Count Giunasi of Ravenna, offered to convince the poet. He asked Browning to hand him any trinket which the poet carried about his person. He said he would be able to tell the trinket's past history. Browning suspected a trick, as he habitually refrained from wearing any sort of keepsake.

However, it chanced that his regular cufflinks had been lost in the laundry and he had therefore taken an old pair from a drawer full of odds and ends. No one in Italy—and few people elsewhere—had seen the cufflinks. No one except Browning knew how they had come into his possession. Holding the cufflinks in his hand,

the Count said softly, "There is something here which cries out in my ear—'Murder! Murder!'" Startled, Browning admitted this was the case. The studs had been taken from the dead body of his great uncle, who had been murdered 80 years before on his estate in St. Kitts.

To the end of his life Browning was never able to find a normal explanation of how Count Giunasi discovered the connection between the cufflinks and murder.



• • • Many a critic has declared that Maxo Vanka's murals in the Croatian Catholic church at Millvale,

Pennsylvania, are "the best in America." But few people remember the circumstances under which those murals were painted. It is one of the strangest tales of our time.

To speed up his work, Maxo often painted until after midnight. A score of times he saw a dark robed priestly figure enter the church, approach the altar and perform a ritual. Once the figure blew out the altar lamp which was so protected that it could not be extinguished by any chance air current. On another night, the figure lit a series of candles which continued to burn after the strange visitor had vanished. The powerful floodlight used by Maxo brightly illuminated the whole interior of the church.

The figure was also seen by Father Albert Zagar, pastor of the church, and by several other witnesses. *Yet no human being could have entered the church.* The door was kept locked while Maxo was working. There were only two keys. Father Zagar had one, Maxo the other.

Writer Louis Adamic investigated the case. He interviewed dozens of witnesses. He could find no loophole for a normal explanation.



• • • Most of the stories of spectators seen during World War I, such as the Angel of Mons, the Archers of Agincourt and the vision of St. George,

may safely be classed as flamboyant dramatizations. Emotional, contradictory, and permeated with hysteria, those tales prove only that *something*—mass hypnosis, accumulated psychic power, a break in the continuity of time, or fourth dimensional spectators at the big show—was apparently breaking the laws of normality during those inhuman days in August of 1914.

But one story has the ring of solid truth.

Three British officers were riding just ahead of their weary column. One of them watched in amazement a long cavalcade of phantom horsemen which was paralleling the column, riding through the clear night. Thinking he was subject to delusions, he turned to one of the other officers and spoke.

The second officer started. He too had been watching the ghostly horsemen.

The third officer had also seen them; so had some of the men.

Before anyone could investigate, the night became dark. At the next stop a party was sent out, found nothing. No horsemen had been there. No horsemen could have been there. And yet. . . .

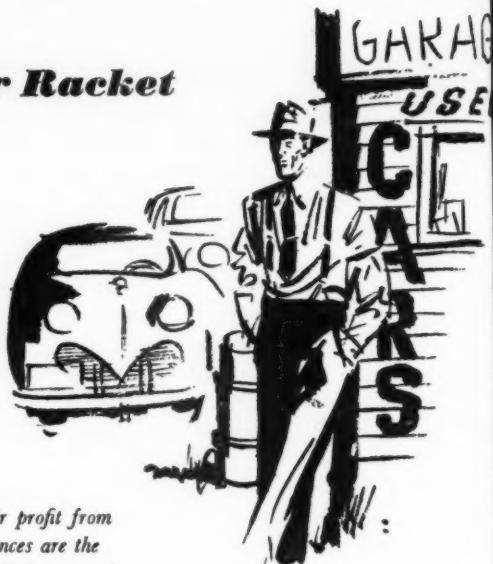
The officer's statement closed with this restrained, undramatic paragraph:

"I myself am absolutely convinced that I saw those horsemen; and I feel sure that they did not exist only in my imagination. I do not attempt to explain the mystery—I only state the facts."

—R. DEWITT MILLER

The Misused Car Racket

by FRANK W. BROCK



Even an honest dealer insists on a fair profit from each used car sold. If he's crooked, chances are the more you try to chisel, the more you'll be gypped

FROM THE WAY it looks now, used car dealers are going to have a picnic about the time the suckers begin to bite in 1942.

Consider conditions. New car production is away down. Work at high wages is plentiful. It is quite probable that automobile manufacturers will establish priorities for favored buyers of new cars—national and state governments, municipalities, firms engaged in national defense work and operators of fleets. So John Q. Public is going to take what he can get, if and when he can get it.

All this presages a seller's market, and seller's markets are a pain in the pocketbook. When he realizes this after a few polite and apologetic re-buffs from the suave new-car sales-

men, Johnny Q. will probably decide to turn in his 1935 jalopy on a good '40 or '41 model and save himself some money.

Used car dealers complain that Johnny, ordinarily a swell guy, turns chiseler the instant he begins to pit his wits against the dealer's. He first manifests his shrewdness by insisting on the maximum allowance for his old car—which he invariably says is “like new”—and the minimum price on the car he is trying to buy. To the dealer this doesn't make sense. He knows the actual market value of both cars and what it will cost him to make Johnny's car “ready for the floor.” Johnny's only fooling himself if he thinks the dealer isn't going to make a profit, one way or another. The

more Johnny tries to outsmart him, the more he's inviting himself in to a dirty deal. After all, the dealer is an expert.

If he appraises a customer as a chiseler, the strictly honest dealer—and there are many of them—simply refuses to do business with him on his own terms, and he becomes a "walk out." As he leaves, the dealer soliloquizes:

"Well, there he goes to be taken. I'd hate to drive the crate that he'll wind up with."

THE ACTUAL VALUE of a used car to a buyer is almost wholly dependent on what the original owner has taken out of it. Take two 1940 Chevy sedans, for example. A careful driver has run one for 15,000 miles and has traded it in on a new car. The other has been slam-banged for 70,000 miles as a Washington, D. C. taxicab. On the dealer's floor they look exactly alike, but there is at least \$300 difference between them in trouble and expense for the buyer. You'll never find an ex-taxi on a good dealer's floor, but the gyp has a standard routine for disposing of them at a good profit.

Let us assume that a 1940 Chevy sedan is exactly what Johnny is looking for—providing he can buy a good one at his own price. He sees what he wants on the gyp's floor—or on a used car lot—and then the haggling begins. Johnny puts on the pressure and down comes the gyp's original

asking price. He also allows Johnny too much on the "load" he is turning in. But they finally come to terms, and the elated Johnny takes a demonstrating ride in the new car. A few minor adjustments appear to be necessary, but the gyp promises to have the car ready for delivery the next day. So Johnny signs a contract, pays \$100 down, gets his receipt and goes home to brag.

Twenty-four hours later when he arrives to close the deal and drive his new car away—oh yes, in the meantime he has probably taken the radio and heater out of his old car—he finds an ex-taxicab awaiting him instead of the car he thought he bought. The inevitable squawk. The gyp calmly compares the motor and serial numbers on Johnny's receipt with the ones on the taxi and they correspond exactly. "Yes, that's your car all right." And so it is. The old trick of switching numbers is just a minor detail that Johnny had overlooked.

There are several things Johnny can do. He can sacrifice his \$100—and run the risk of a suit on the contract; he can accept and pay a fancy price for the taxi—and he'll be sorry if he does; or he can swallow his pride and humbly begin to negotiate for another car at the *dealer's* price. As the boys say, "He's in the bag."

Johnny now thinks that he made only one mistake—but he made several.

He didn't investigate the dealer's

reputation before doing business with him. It merely adds to the hazards to buy from an unknown. Better Business Bureaus say, and they should know, that the reliability of the dealer is the most important factor in the purchase of a good used car.

He bought the car too cheap. You cannot reasonably expect to get more than you pay for—no matter what you buy. There's no profit in philanthropy.

He shopped and bought the car without a witness. The ideal witness is a practical automobile mechanic who not only knows automobiles but most of the gyp's tricks as well. Pay him generously—otherwise he may open negotiations with the dealer—and he will give you much sound advice. The layman who depends on his own judgment of a used car is foolish. Examining it on the dealer's floor doesn't tell much.

Your auto mechanic-witness will be able to determine the real condition of the car when you take it out for the demonstration. On this ride be sure that the car is pulled over an oil-pit or is put on a hoist so that the frame and underbody can be carefully looked over for evidence of a repaired wreck. They're the most dangerous to buy.

Badly wrecked cars are not always junked as they should be, particularly late models. They're towed or carried to the shops of rebuilders who specialize in "ironing them out."

Every dollar the rebuilder saves in this process is profit. He tears them down completely and straightens the frames under heat—which almost invariably takes the temper out of the steel. Cracks may be welded or merely filled with solder, filed down and painted over. Same thing with axles. If a weakened or cracked axle goes at seventy, you go with it.

Every little part the rebuilder can salvage goes back into the car. If he has to buy parts, well, there's usually a "junkie" in the neighborhood. Of course, these hit-or-miss parts may not line up as they should, but the car will run smoothly enough to deceive anyone but an expert. That's all the rebuilder is interested in. He won't go to the hospital or the morgue when the strain or the speed becomes too great for these makeshift parts to stand.

But no matter how cleverly the job is done, there is always visual evidence as plain as the mileage on the setback speedometer. Slight undulations in the metal indicate that it has been

A Mad Mission to Germany

... a mission to save the world. Don't miss this stirring streamlined novel, written by the noted magazine fiction writer, Oscar Schisgall, beginning next month!

straightened or "ironed out." On the under side of fenders it is frequently of slight importance, but if it is extensive the smart mechanic will look further, regardless of how beautifully the exposed, or top, surface has been smoothed down and refinished. A twisted frame can never be restored to its original condition or appearance without tell-tale waves in the metal, and if you want to ride on one, well, that may be your funeral—literally.

Unless you can instantly identify the sounds of a sticky valve, a noisy tappet, a burned out bearing, a missing cylinder or the many other clinks and clunks which denote a sick motor—in other words, unless you are an expert—don't trust your own five senses to diagnose its condition. A ten-dollar investment in a good mechanic is worth all it costs. It is usually much easier to judge the proficiency of a mechanic by the way he answers your questions than it is to find the right answers to those questions yourself without his help.

HAVE YOUR WITNESS there when you begin to sign papers. Insist that the dealer include in your bill of sale all the oral representations which he

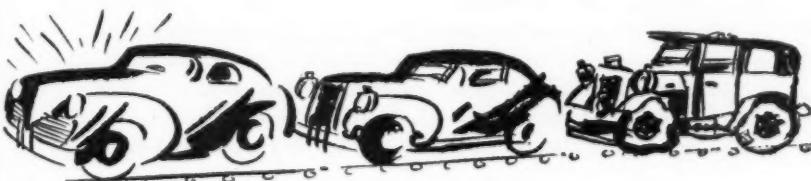
used to induce you to buy the car. If he won't put in writing what he has said, *don't sign—and don't buy the car.*

It isn't wise to be too eager to close the deal and take your car home; at least, not so eager that you sign everything the dealer places before you without reading and understanding it thoroughly. This applies particularly to the papers which are to go to the finance company. One of the pet tricks of the unscrupulous dealer is to have a customer sign papers in blank. "Oh, that's just a form," he'll tell you, "I'll fill that out later." And how he does! Or he may fill them out in part like this:

"12 notes of \$25 each . . . \$300." —leaving plenty of space to add after you have gone:

" . . . and 1 note of \$50."

It is as simple as that to "pack" a deal and make \$50 extra profit. The finance company, having investigated your standing and passed your credit from the previously signed application, accepts these papers from the dealer without question and immediately sends him a check. A few days later when you receive a statement from them showing that you owe \$350 instead of \$300, you make the usual protest. They reply that



they bought the papers in good faith and refer you back to the dealer. He has already received his money, and so he stands pat. And you are faced with the impossible task of proving that you have been swindled out of \$50. If you refuse to pay, the finance company takes the car.

Pay cash if you can. Before you start shopping for the car, shop for the money to pay for it. You'll probably save more by obtaining your money at a low rate than you could possibly save on the car itself—and you will eliminate the danger of those vicious packs.

Few used cars are guaranteed today, that is, with a straightforward guarantee which should read: "This car is unconditionally guaranteed for thirty days." Press him and your snide dealer will pull out an old form of "factory guarantee" which provides that the car is guaranteed against defective parts—but the customer must

pay the cost of installation of these parts in the dealer's shop. Too tricky. Under this form of guarantee it is cheaper to buy the part yourself and have it installed by some competent mechanic—the dealer's charge for labor invariably covers the cost of the part, and he tacks on a lusty profit.

Regrooved or retreaded tires which look new, but aren't; welded motor blocks which may not stand the pressure; cheap repaint jobs which won't endure in the mildest weather; new seat covers which conceal badly worn or torn upholstery; all these, and more, are only a few of the things which beguile the unwary buyer.

Happy motoring, Johnny.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

MILLIONS ON WHEELS

by D. H. Palmer
and L. E. Crooks

\$2.50

The Vanguard Press, New York

THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

by E. D. Kennedy
Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., New York

\$3.50



The Customer Was Ripe

A BETTER Business Bureau representative after checking a used car dealer's stock of cars against the advertised representations approached the owner.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "your advertisement of that 1938 Chevrolet coupé states the car

has been driven only 15,000 miles. Actually, the speedometer reads 55,000."

"So? Hey, Jim," yelled the boss, "turn that Chevy speedometer back to 15,000 miles. We don't want no misleading advertising around here."

—FRANK W. BROCK

Herr Schmidt is a gentleman, a scholar—and a Nazi—from whose lips pour the most important thoughts of the most important men in Europe



Hitler's Mouthpiece

by ALBERT BRANDT

THE MOST OVERWORKED Nazi in Europe today is a huge, portly scholar named Paul Schmidt. When Hitler discovered him six years ago, he was an obscure translator in the German Foreign Office. He was not even a member of the Nazi Party.

Today Paul Schmidt is the most powerful of the unknown Nazi mighty. He is the Fuehrer's personal interpreter, confidential adviser and recorder. He has been decorated by every European nation. He is the "third man present" at all of Hitler's private deals in the Balkans, in France, in Italy, in Norway.

What makes him dangerous to the Nazis and important to the world is his famous "little black book," wherein are recorded the most important documents of the Second World War—the exact details of every conversation Hitler has had with Mussolini and Pétain, Laval and Franco, Matsuoka and Cvetkovich.

A New York publisher recently

cabled Schmidt an offer of \$75,000 for his memoirs, but it is a gilt-edged bet they will never see print. For Schmidt, an honest man with too many secrets, knows how to keep his mouth shut.

His rise in the Nazi hierarchy is one of those curious twists inherent in Fascism. Six years ago, Hitler, the super-secret negotiator who can speak only German and is responsible to no one, needed an interpreter whom he could trust implicitly, someone with ability and a talent for being inconspicuous.

PAUL SCHMIDT fit the bill perfectly. Well over six feet tall, unmistakably Nordic, he was a Doctor of Philosophy, a widely-traveled linguist.

He was born forty-five years ago in Saxony, son of a grade school teacher and a half-French mother who gave him his first love of books and languages. Attached to the German Intelligence Staff during the last

war as an interpreter, he interviewed captured French and British officers for military information.

Schmidt was discovered by Hitler through an accident. It was at a diplomatic reception, where the whole diplomatic corps stationed in Berlin was present. Over teacups, Hitler had some difficulties understanding the German of the French chargé d'affaires. (At times when he considers it important, Hitler will listen attentively even if he doesn't understand a word.) Dr. Schmidt was near by. He broke into the conversation and delicately smoothed out the difficulties. Hitler, impressed with Schmidt's tact and agility, insisted from that date on, that Dr. Schmidt be his personal interpreter. He has not left Hitler's side during any negotiation of importance since.

Schmidt is one of the few persons whom the Fuehrer likes whole-heartedly as a human being. From the beginning, he has had great influence on Hitler's speaking voice and behavior at diplomatic interviews, smoothing the Fuehrer's crude German, teaching him the niceties and methods of international bargaining. Through long and close relationship, Schmidt, too, has acquired many of Hitler's characteristics. At conferences, he follows the dictator's emotions, copies the pitch and inflection of his voice.

When Hitler in 1938 shouted at Sir Horace Wilson, Britain's peace envoy, "*Ich werde die Tschechen ver-*

schlagen!" Schmidt imitated the Fuehrer's German boast by pounding a fist on the table, bellowing in English: "I will smash-sh-sh the Czechs."

But Hitler does not shout at conferences unintentionally. If he weeps or rants, it is for effect. It means he is not interested in argument or negotiation. The atmosphere of an interview is very important to him. Often it is a studied insult.

NEVILLE HENDERSON, the British ambassador before the war, once went to the old Berlin chancellery, where von Hindenburg had lived and died, for a conference with Hitler. Henderson was placed on a long sofa by himself. He sat there a long while alone, facing a broad window so that the light streamed into his eyes.

Hitler and Schmidt finally entered. The Fuehrer sat facing Henderson in a huge armchair, his face dark in the shadow. Because Hitler is sensitive of his height, Schmidt squatted on the low stool he uses in conferences.

Henderson immediately began outlining the British plan for a general settlement to avert war. Hitler did not listen; that was Schmidt's job. When Henderson had finished, the Fuehrer let loose his long harangue of blood and thunder. Schmidt wrote down the key words on a pad, repeating the oration in English the moment Hitler stopped speaking. The interview was, in effect, closed.

Several times during crucial conferences, Schmidt has had a temper-

ate effect on Hitler. Once, the Fuehrer blandly got up and walked out of a meeting with French envoys. Schmidt asked the Frenchmen to remain. Half an hour later Hitler returned to resume the talk.

Schmidt is also credited with having prevented a rupture of Anglo-German relations at Godesberg when Chamberlain met Hitler for the second time. Had he not effected a reconciliation, war would probably have broken out a year earlier than it did.

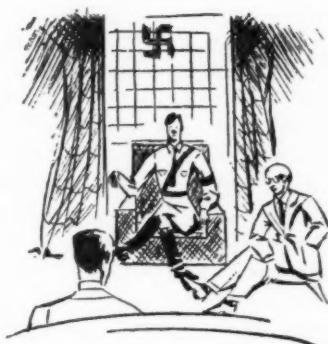
Hair-splitting accuracy and diplomatic tact are always necessary on the part of Schmidt, but the Munich Conference of 1938 is considered his masterpiece.

In the Brown House in Munich were gathered the four most powerful men in Europe—Daladier, Chamberlain, Hitler, Mussolini. No one of them could wholly understand the other. Schmidt towered above the assembled rulers and diplomats, his bald head turning quickly from side to side, from statesman to statesman, firing off translations with machine-gun rapidity. He had no time to take notes. While he spoke, he memorized what was being said by the others. Thus Schmidt alone knew the intimate conversation of all those present.

On that historic day, Schmidt remained at Hitler's side for sixteen hours. Afterward, he was present at the mysterious final meeting between Hitler and Chamberlain where the Anglo-German declaration was drawn up. The British Prime Minister was so impressed with Schmidt's work that he asked him to be interpreter at his last meeting with Daladier, an unprecedented gesture in diplomatic annals.

Most secretive of all conferences are those between Hitler and Mussolini. Schmidt was with the Fuehrer and Duce at the Palazzo Venezia in Rome, in the chancellery in Berlin, in the railway carriage at Brenner Pass, in the Doge's Palace in Venice. He listens in on the only other wire to all the numerous telephone conversations between the two dictators.

A Hitler-Mussolini interview is a study in caricature. The role of the interpreter is very important. Il Duce is enormously proud of his linguistic ability. He stubbornly insists on speaking German to Hitler, because he cannot bear to have Italian translated into German and considers it an insult if Schmidt translates Hitler's German into Italian. But the Duce's German is so Latin in phraseology



and accent that it can be understood only if you know what he wants to say.

Schmidt records the conversation of the two dictators, never interrupting or correcting Mussolini, until Hitler looks at him appealingly. That is Schmidt's cue to repeat everything the Duce has said in the guise of a question. The conferences are frequently highly tense affairs since Mussolini often becomes excited and speaks too quickly, while Hitler lapses into his throaty Austrian dialect which the Duce cannot understand at all.

Three times Hitler has lent Schmidt to foreign notables. It was Schmidt who accompanied Colonel Lindbergh on a tour of Reich aircraft plants. Lindbergh afterward commented on the interpreter's remarkable technical knowledge. Schmidt was Herbert Hoover's interpreter on the latter's visit to Germany in 1937. But he considers his most pleasant task was accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Windsor on their investigation of German housing projects.

Schmidt's only political creed outside of German expansion is that there shall be no important military or naval power in Western Europe other than the Reich. This means the destruction of the British empire. He has always believed in the Bismarckian policy of friendship and collaboration with Russia.

Because of Hitler's trust in him, Schmidt has inspired jealousy from every side. Even Von Ribbentrop resents Schmidt's secure position next

to Hitler. But Ribbentrop must maintain friendly relations with Schmidt because Hitler insists on their close collaboration.

At the Fuehrer's order every vital state document must pass through Schmidt's hands; the official translation of all Hitler speeches must be personally prepared by him. Whenever Schmidt is ill or out of town, Hitler postpones all conferences with foreign rulers.

Obviously, a man who possesses so many state secrets and the intimate record of Hitler's dealing with foreign powers, is a poor insurance risk. The German press, so voluble in publicizing Nazi personalities, ignores Schmidt. He is not listed in the latest German "Who's Who." His anonymity is intentional. Although his photo appears in every picture of international conferences where Hitler is present, no German publication has ever printed anything of his life or functions.

Schmidt's memoirs would undoubtedly be the most fascinating and most significant single work published since the last war. But he has said privately that he will never reveal anything that has been said in his presence.

It is an oath he will live up to.

An exile from Nazi Germany, Albert Brandt in pre-Hitler days was a leader of the German student movement. He has shared his intimate knowledge of the German political scene with the American public through radio talks and through articles for Forum, New York Herald Tribune and Coronet. For seven years he has been Professor of Philosophy and Social Sciences at the University of Newark.

T
ci
co
so

He
lau
one
Du

Ney
at oj
his
feat

nain-
midt
close

vital
ough
nsla-
t be
hen-
own,
with

es so
nate
aign
The
ciz-
res
test
ym-
oto
na-
res-
ver
nc-

bt-
ost
ace
ely
ng

ndt
er-
his
cal
dio
aw
en
nd
rk.

DUMBO

OF THE CIRCUS

This is the story of Dumbo, the little circus elephant whom only a mother could love. It begins in spring, down south at the circus' winter quarters.



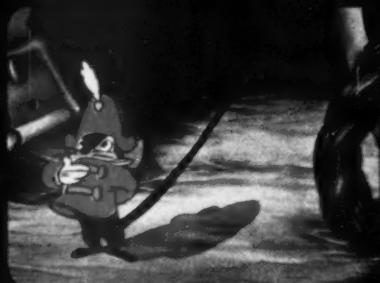
He was called Dumbo and everyone laughed at him. Mrs. Jumbo spanked one boy who stuck his tongue out at Dumbo. So the owner locked her up.



Next morning, they found themselves atop a tall tree! *Dumbo had flown in his sleep!* In vain he tried to repeat thisfeat. Finally they asked a crow's help.



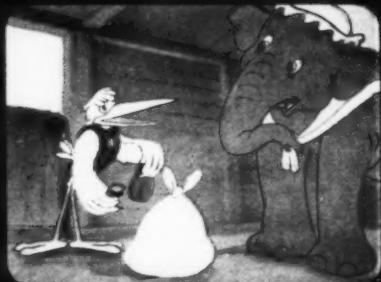
The storks dropped little animal babies from the skies in parachutes for all of the mothers—all that is except mama elephant, Mrs. Jumbo.



Dumbo was alone. But another outcast, Timothy Mouse, convinced the circus owner to introduce an unusual pyramid act, with Dumbo on top.



He said it was a matter of confidence and gave Dumbo a feather to hold. It was supposed to be magic, but actually it only gave confidence.



When the circus train pulled out for the north, Mrs. Jumbo was still grieving in her compartment. That's where the special delivery stork found her.



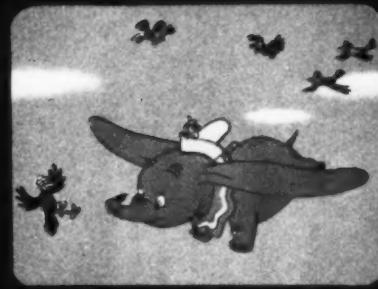
He left a baby elephant who struggled to his feet and sneezed. Everyone heard—and saw—and gossiped about him. For his ears were big as sails.



But Dumbo tripped over an ear, upsetting the entire act. As punishment he was made a clown, jumping from a burning building into a vat of plaster!



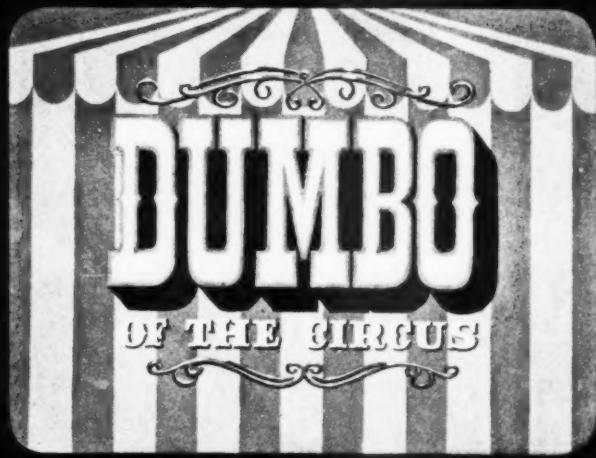
This was the greatest shame possible, and Dumbo became the world's saddest little elephant! Then one night, Timothy slept on Dumbo's hatbrim.



But the stunt worked, and next time Dumbo dived from the fiery house in the clown's act, instead of landing in the plaster he flew all around the tent!



Dumbo was a sensation—his mother was released, and Timothy became his manager. Hollywood-bound, he was cheered as *Dumbo, The Flying Elephant!*



With an Introduction by Walt Disney

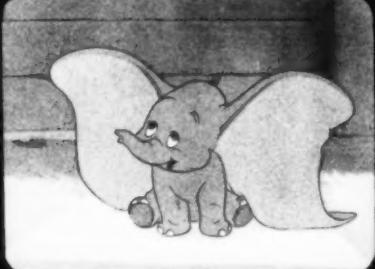
WHENEVER people ask me what is the future of animated pictures, I say the surface has only been scratched. The medium itself is limitless.

A perfect example is *Dumbo*. He is a little circus elephant who was born with such big ears he was the butt of every joke under the big tent. His story and how he overcame the ridicule he had to bear, is told midst the atmosphere of circus life. Here we have succeeded in bringing to the public the circus in an animated picture.

Complete with sawdust, animals, daring trapeze artists, bands playing and parades, *Dumbo* is alive with humor and frivolity. But being true to life, humor and frivolity are not the only qualities found in *Dumbo*. Pathos and drama are woven in between the lilting songs and gayety.

Surely, when we first started with Mickey Mouse galloping across the screen, we never dreamed that one day we would be able to produce such features. And only time will tell how far we can go in the years ahead.

But now to *Dumbo*. On the other half of this page you'll meet the cast. Then turn to the reverse, color side of the gatefold and enjoy the story. We hope you'll like it.



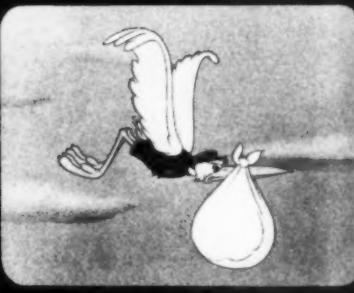
Dumbo



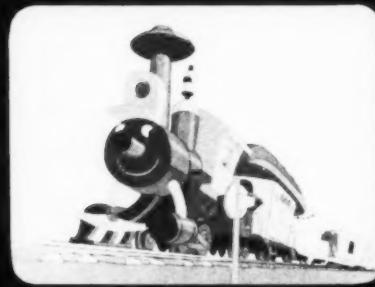
Mrs. Jumbo



Timothy Mouse



Special Delivery Stork



Casey, Jr., the Circus Train



The Circus Owner



*America's most relentless youth-killer can
be stamped out in twenty years—for a price.
Here is the price—quoted well in advance*



Good News about TB

by GRETTA PALMER

TUBERCULOSIS is the greatest single cause of death among Americans in the age-group over fifteen and under forty-five. It kills one person in this country every eight and one-half minutes.

Since 1937 it has destroyed more lives than were lost in action or through fatal wounds in all the wars the United States has fought since 1776. Today there are more than half a million Americans afflicted with the disease, of whom 60,000 will die next year. No known serum will prevent the disease. Science offers the sufferers no certain cure.

These are the bleak facts about the tuberculosis fight, which any pessimist might truly produce as the thirty-fifth annual Tuberculosis Christmas Seal drive gets under way. He might also point out that the death rate from this cause is forty-seven per 100,000, the seventh greatest cause of death in the country; that tuberculosis strikes down men and women in their youth,

so that it is a sadder affliction than, say, the degenerative heart diseases, which take their toll among the old.

But all of the pessimists' depressing truths are overshadowed, in the minds of the doctors and public health officials, by a single highly-encouraging fact:

They know that unless this country goes to war, tuberculosis can be wiped out in the next twenty years!

They know this because they have seen the results of the last thirty-five years of work, in which the rate has been cut down to one-quarter of what it was when the campaign began. They know that 190,000 more people a year would die of TB if the former death-rate of nearly 200 per 100,000 still prevailed. They know that they have pushed this disease down to seventh place since 1912, when it was the greatest death-dealer of all.

They know that the methods they have been using are highly effective and that all they need, to finish the

job, is enough money to bring those methods into every community in the country. In this, the tuberculosis problem differs from some others: if you gave the medical profession a grant, running into billions, to eliminate deaths from heart diseases, they might have small success. Research has not gone far enough—may never go far enough—to prevent the heart and arteries from deteriorating with age. But if you give the doctors sufficient money, they can promise to make tuberculosis as insignificant a cause of death as diphtheria is today—always with the provision that war does not interfere with their work.

THE ANALOGY with the successful diphtheria-campaign has been drawn by Dr. Edward S. Godfrey, Jr., Health Commissioner of New York State. In 1920 the urban death rate from diphtheria was nineteen per 100,000—as high as the TB death rate is in some communities today. But last year there were fewer deaths from diphtheria than there were from appendicitis, or from homicide or suicide. Fewer cases occurred all year than the number of diphtheria deaths in a month twenty years ago.

True, one cannot be immunized

against tuberculosis as against diphtheria. But this is not regarded as insurmountable; in the words of Dr. Kendall Emerson, "Education is the vaccine against tuberculosis." And a highly effective vaccine it has proven to be, in the few communities where intensive experimental campaigns have been launched.

One of the best-known of these is Framingham Town, Iowa, where the death rate from tuberculosis was 121 per 100,000 in the years from 1907 to 1916. By 1923, the experimental work had reduced these deaths to about thirty-eight

per 100,000. In 1940, they reached the new low of twelve and one-half (if this were the death rate for the country, only 16,000 persons a year would fall victims to TB). Again, in Cattaraugus County, New York, a Milbank Foundation Fund demonstration, lasting seven years, brought the rate down to seventeen per 100,000—a mere one-third of the rate for the country as a whole. Dr. Godfrey hopes by 1960, to have New York's statewide rate as low as five deaths per 100,000.

If the whole country should fight TB on the same vigorous scale, some 52,555 persons would be saved every year—persons who are doomed to die

Seals bearing the double-barred cross have become as much a part of the holiday season as Santa Claus and the Christmas tree. Sold in this country since 1910 by the National Tuberculosis Association, the bright stamps represent traditional Christmas spirit—joy in giving—man's humanity to man. They are, as well, the symbol of a brave and rewarding fight against a dread disease. At this time of the year we are glad to bring you more Good News about TB. The author, Gretta Palmer, has written for a wide variety of publications since her graduation from Vassar fifteen years ago, has been on the staff of the New Yorker and the World-Telegram. She lives in New York, is married to a Wall Street man.



at the present rate. But this does not tell the whole story. All of us are familiar with cases in which tuberculosis has struck down young men and women of great promise, whose talents have been wasted through the inroads of disease. And many of us have been made thoughtful by the expenditure of many millions of dollars per year on the care of TB victims who will never get well.

Money is, indeed, the crux of this whole problem—always remembering the provision that this country shall not go to war—for money can virtually wipe out TB by 1960. And here the tax-payer may groan. Granted that the elimination of this disease would be a fine thing, so would many other items which the national budget, nowadays, can scarcely sustain.

But is the wiping out of tuberculosis by 1960 a luxury America cannot afford? Let us see.

The National Tuberculosis Association has stated that the hospital care, alone, of tuberculosis patients costs the tax-payers seventy millions a year. They further estimate that the maintenance of clinics and the portion of public health funds earmarked for this disease raises the total to well over a hundred millions. They

will not even guess at the cost to the tax-payer of supporting on relief the families of tuberculosis-stricken wage-earners, nor the interest lost on the many millions of dollars tied up in TB hospitals.

Now, it is apparent that if we could save even 100 millions a year, the gain would be considerable. And this saving can be accomplished!

It can be accomplished because, according to the National Tuberculosis Association's statement, "expenditures for tuberculosis control are self-liquidating." The Association has figures to prove it—a detailed plan, which was introduced last January as a Senate Bill by Senator James E. Murray of Montana. Under the terms of this plan, the Federal government is expected to appropriate four-fifths of the cost of erecting the needed TB hospitals—and the States and local authorities to put up the rest. The cost of maintenance is to be shared by the States and the Federal Government, who will also support a vigorous case-finding campaign.

Suppose that our legislators decided to undertake this campaign tomorrow. The six-year plan recommended by the Association would in-

volve an expenditure, by the Federal government, of \$176,522,000. Adding the contributions of the States and larger towns, the entire cost would come to \$263,444,000, spread over six years. That is the complete bill we have to pay to stamp out TB!

That sum, you will observe, is something less than we are now spending every three years on the care of tuberculosis patients, most of them in an advanced and incurable stage of the disease. If we abandoned the present penny-wise policy, and made a frontal attack on the problem, our expenses would be increased only for the first few years of the campaign. Then they would gradually taper off until, in 1960, tuberculosis would have become a minor menace—a disease scarcely more prevalent than amoebic dysentery.

Yes, tuberculosis can be wiped out by 1960—but there's another if: *if we do not go to war!*

The relationship between war and tuberculosis is unfamiliar to many of us, but those in the public health field recognize it to such an extent that Dr. Kendall Emerson has called TB "one of war's most active allies."

The factors which bring about this situation are many and complex: in time of war, mental and physical stresses are increased and many latent cases of TB flare into activity as a result.

In war, both congestion and over-crowding are inevitable. In war, food prices go up and many families suffer

from malnutrition, which may be a forerunner of the disease. In war, men from TB-free areas are brought into communities where it is prevalent and, having no resistance to it, they are easy prey to the disease.

Some of the war conditions have already been created by the draft, and public health officials have expressed their alarm at the possible results. War itself, they tell us, would gravely accentuate the problems. They quote the death-rates of the World War to show that invasion and conditions of battle are not needed to send the statistics skyrocketing: in England, in Germany, in the United States there was no fighting, yet the numbers of cases soared during the war.

Thus, the possibility of this country's becoming a belligerent is the only serious obstacle to the progress of the campaign. If war does not come, freedom from tuberculosis is for sale—at a price which we *can* pay.

THE EFFORTS to eradicate the disease have accomplished great things in the past twenty or thirty years; they have reduced the death-rate by three-quarters since 1912 and have saved, literally, millions of lives which would have been lost without the campaign. To lay this enemy low, for all time, a whirlwind national campaign is apparently all that is required; now, the experts agree, is the time to launch it.

The methods they would use are not spectacular—indeed, they are

simply an extension of the work that is already being done. They include such things as early detection of the disease in the schools, X-raying relatives of known victims to detect early cases, teaching the public how to observe the first symptoms and segregating those who might spread the disease to others if left at large.

And these methods work, as the Framingham Town and other experiments have shown. They will perform miracles throughout the nation, if we are willing to pay the price—to spend merely fifty per cent more than we are now spending for the next six years, so that we may need to spend almost nothing in the years that follow. Always provided the factor of peace is included, TB can be wiped out. All we, the public, need do is to give the money to the doctors. They will complete the job.

The alternative is plain: it is that we shall continue, in our thoughtless way, to spend 100 millions and more a year in caring for invalids who need never have become sick; that thousands of lives will be needlessly wasted; that TB will continue to cut down men and women in their youth.

It is up to us whether this wastefulness shall stop. Having the choice reduced to a simple matter of dollars and cents is the most encouraging possible news from the TB front.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

THE LUNGS: AND THE EARLY STAGES OF TUBERCULOSIS

by Laurason Brown, M. D.
and Fred H. Heise, M. D. \$1.50
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

TUBERCULOSIS

by Fred G. Holmes, M. D. \$2.00
D. Appleton-Century Company, New York

TALKS ON TUBERCULOSIS

by John B. Hawes, M. D. \$2.00
Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston



"They'll Do It Every Time"

WHENEVER I receive a post card saying, "Having a fine time; wish you were here," I am annoyed. The truth is that many souvenir cards are mailed, not because the sender wishes you were there, but because he is glad you are not there, thus giving him an opportunity to crow over you. What the card really means is, "Oh, look where I am."

On three different occasions it has fallen to my lot to carry the news to a forsaken wife that her husband had sauntered off with another girl. All three wives said: "Who is she?" After that, each reacted differently. But invariably the first thought was: "Who is she?"

—FRED C. KELLY



The Coronet Monthly Gallup Report:

Not a few opinions have been aired already as to what course the United States shall pursue at the conclusion of this war. This month, the Director of the American Institute of Public Opinion reports for Coronet on what the Americans think about a new League of Nations.

Our People's Post-War Aims

by DR. GEORGE GALLUP

The Issue:

Should there be a new League of Nations and should America join it?

The Poll Question:

Would you like to see the United States join a League of Nations after this war is over?

YES.....49%

No.....51%

The Trend of Sentiment:

In 1937, a poll on the question of joining the League of Nations at Geneva showed only 33% in favor, 67% opposed.

A comment on this opinion:

There has been a phenomenal rebirth of the League of Nations idea in this country.

Sumner Welles, Undersecretary of State, said in a recent address which has been widely quoted that some sort of "association of nations" must be set up if the world is to enjoy lasting peace. While President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill did not specifically mention a League in their eight-point program, some observers believe that a world association of nations would be the logical device for carrying out that program.

The decisive factor in any plan for a post-war League is going to be American public opinion. America stayed out of the old League. Will it join a new one?

Four years ago there would have been no doubt as to the answer. The great majority of American voters—67% in a poll in 1937—were against having the United States join the League of Nations then operating at Geneva.

Today, public sentiment is much more evenly divided, owing to a growth in pro-League sentiment. Nearly half the nation's voters now think the United States should pitch in and take an active part in a new League after this war, while the other half are opposed.

Among that catalog of leaders in the country, *Who's Who in America*, which lists prominent educators, professional and business men

and women, sentiment for a new League is overwhelming. A recent Institute poll among *Who's Who* found 73% in favor of such a League, and 27% opposed.

People who vote against the idea of a new League generally have two reasons for opposing it, the polls show. First, they are disillusioned with the old League and have unhappy memories of its ineffectuality. Second, they believe that European powers are too selfish and too nationalistic ever to cooperate in a really successful association. Their typical comment is: "Everybody should look out for what he can get these days."

Those on the other side of the argument, who favor the League idea, believe that the United States can no longer isolate herself from Europe. Their viewpoint is best expressed by two voters who were interviewed in the poll, one a retired manufacturer the other a printer.

The manufacturer: "I was not in favor of joining the League at the end of the last war. I thought then that we were through with Europe for good. But now anybody with an eye in his head can see that we cannot get away from Europe."

The printer: "For 200 years we've had the idea that we are too good to mix with the rest of the world unless we've got something to sell. Well, I think the United States should either participate fully in international affairs, or not at all. The plan for a League is the only hope of peace."



We asked this famous leader of women whether she would prepare a Christmas Eve message to American parents. Her answer was this inspired challenge.

Would You Have Children Now?

by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THIS YEAR, just as truly as when the centuries were parted by the birth of a child, the number of births in any country is of great concern to the government. History records no nation which took pride in a falling birth rate.

A law was passed last year in France abolishing inheritance taxes for families with three children, except where the estate exceeds ten thousand dollars. But inheritance taxes remain for families of two or less children which, the law says, "do nothing but perpetuate themselves."

As soon as France went to war, before the invasion and defeat and occupation, women in France began to bear more children. Mme. Schiaparelli made the statement from a lecture

platform that after the war broke out most of the women in her Paris workroom were pregnant.

"Of course," she said, "it's always that way in wartime."

It is true also in defense time. According to this year's statistics, the birth rate is up twenty per cent in this country.

There are obvious reasons why it should be so. Women wish to have a living memory of a man who may be killed. Men do not want their blood to die out and their names to disappear. Human relations are most passionate and unrestrained and natural in times of danger.

All these reasons are undoubtedly true. But I think also that, back of this rise of the birth rate in wartime,

is the fact that *nations and races are trying to build as they destroy*. It's instinctive and very deep. It is the effort of life to outdo death, the attempt of what may be a present failure to get a stake in a future success.

The exiles of France say, "France will live again." The refugees from Holland say, "The Dutch will live again." The Czechs, the Norwegians — all the dispossessed nationals — say the same thing of their own countries, and they put their trust in the continuance of their blood, in the survival of their people. That means that they must continue to breed, no matter what the difficulties or problems, for there is no other way to survive.

THERE ARE millions of Christmas cards in the shops this week, and many of them picture a scene of birth. Thousands of carols come over the air, telling about this birth in music that rejoices. Is it all just a mockery? Is Christmas now only a great fair where things are sold? Is the true celebration outdated?

You can't help wondering that when you hear people ask bitterly, "Would you bring a child into a

world like this? Do you think anyone has a right to have children today?"

This discussion goes on constantly, more than you may guess. Children or not? Boys talk about it in the colleges and universities and high schools, young women and men who are in love and mean to marry discuss it, and so do psychologists and educators and economists and men of all religions.

These are hard facts to face. Germany fostered child-bearing and told her women it was their duty to have children. She is using those children today to march over Europe. The Chinese

have large families, and many of them die in famine. There are places in this country of ours where children are being born into families so poor, so unnecessary to the country's economy, that there seems to be very little hope of happiness or progress for them.

LOOKING at these indisputable facts, it isn't hard to understand why a negative answer to the question comes from the old, the frustrated and the embittered. The old can't have children anyway, and frustrated people are not good parents. But their sour and defeatist point of view should not

by any means be taken as normal.

Nor should the point of view of those who have given up hope, not only for their own generation but for future ones. There isn't much you can do with such people, except not to let them discourage you. They will bring out reams of statistics to prove what little statistical chance a person has of success or happiness, to show the inevitability of wars, the passing of the white race. They can get you down, if you will let them.

But there is also a third group—a group which consists of those confused and frightened people who want to have children and are afraid to have them—a group which usually has them anyway—but wonders if it is doing what it should.

Those are the ones who, to my thinking, need help and encouragement—unless we want the race to dwindle and this country to be weakened by a falling birth rate.

THE ECONOMIC question usually comes first. "How can you support children in such uncertain times? And can they support themselves in the future?"

No one can be too cocksure in answering this. Methods of support as well as incomes will change their form in many ways, even before children who are born this year or next are grown up. Money values will change. But we know, on the other hand, that there is a great deal of work to be done in a great country like this and

that the work must go on being done. New techniques are constantly being developed. We are learning how to grow and handle food so that there will be less waste. Such starvation as we have in this country now is due to mismanagement, and it could be done away with.

Of course if you won't have a child unless you can guarantee him economic security in the terms of passing on an estate, small or large, and if you won't have a child unless you can bring him up in the house he was born in—under the same old apple tree—you probably can't have a child. But *that's a very stubborn egotism* in a changing world, and the chances are the child wouldn't like your set-up anyway. For he will belong to a different generation, and that is what these frustrated and frightened people forget—that a new generation brings its own plans into the world.

If you can give a child health and take care of him when he is small and are clever enough to realize in what ways an organized society can help you in the upbringing of that child—you should leave the future to him.

It is hard to live through depressions and wars and periods of unrest. But it is better than not living at all. The limited number of suicides, the way people—you yourself—cling to life proves that. Life is very precious to those who have it, and they should remember that when they deny it to another generation. It is very precious to the young people of today. There

has been a notable lack of dashing off to danger during this present war, in most countries. They want to live.

YOU WILL HEAR some say that civilization is slipping and, therefore, there is no reason to go on having children. This is another vain statement.

Because one generation hasn't been able to make the progress it would like to have made, why assume that it can't be done? Civilization is not just a state of having what you want served on a silver platter. And back of this war—which is really world revolution—is a desire for civilization stirring in people who have been denied it. The world is aroused, confused—but it's on the march—somewhere.

And for that reason it has never so much needed great leaders and good people. It needs all it can get. If we want to preserve civilization, we

ought to breed and bring up, right now, happy, healthy children with good nerves and see what they can do to the world when it's their turn.

And just before Christmas it is the best time to remember that the Christian civilization that we talk so much about is based on one central fact—of a single birth in hardship and humility. Some of you take that as divine fact, others as legend, but no one disputes the result. That birth once changed the world's thought from cruelty to love of fellow men.

It was a terrible world to live in, nineteen hundred years ago, full of persecution and conquest. It is a terrible world now, with those things loose again. But we've come a long way in the nineteen hundred years and we've much farther to go on.

Now, as then, new birth is our best hope.



Wave of the Future

WHEN Benito Mussolini was an obscure journalist, he paid court to a lady of high Italian society, but she treated him with contempt and scorned his advances. After Mussolini had become dictator, she went to see him and asked him, on the basis of their old acquaintance, to appoint her husband to a diplomatic post.

"So, madame," said the Duce, striking a Napoleonic pose behind his mammoth desk, "you come to me now when my word has become law in Italy! Would it not have been wiser to treat me with more consideration when I was a nobody?"

"But Your Excellency," she replied, "who could have foreseen it?" —LEWIS THOMPSON

Is everyday heroism disappearing from our lives—or has our democratic world raised the standards by which such acts are judged?



Heroes in *Mufi*

by VICTOR HUGO BOESEN

THREE WAS no time for deliberation. In a few seconds the little lad toddling along between the rails would be ground under the wheels of the roaring passenger train.

The man in overalls working among the tracks dropped his tools and ran forward. More than a hundred feet lay between him and the child. He knew that his chances of success were slim; that failure might cost his own life as well as the youngster's. But, whatever happened, he must try to get that child out of the way.

He kept to the outside of the tracks. Now he was abreast of the urchin. Ten feet away, a monster of steel and thunder, came the locomotive. The man reached over. . . .

For that fatal attempt to save a life at Peoria Heights, Illinois, in the summer of 1940, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission awarded the widow of R. Ted Woodruff, laborer, a silver medal, bearing a brief description of her husband's deed, and \$45 a month.

At the Commission's headquarters in Pittsburgh, Woodruff's name took its place among the many others accumulated on the roll of honor since Andrew Carnegie established the fund April 15, 1904, for the "heroes of civilization." He defined these as the persons who try to save the lives of their fellows, in contrast to the heroes of barbarism, who kill or maim theirs.

Fifty-seven others are recognized in the Commission's latest annual report. Like the hundreds whose names have been immortalized in bronze, silver or gold medals through the years, their stories tell of battles with water, poison gas, fire, electricity, wild animals—all waged on behalf of the other fellow's life.

Many more heroes than these came under the Commission's scrutiny, but the standards of eligibility for recognition are necessarily strict; otherwise there soon would be no means for rewarding any of them. The fund originally consisted of \$5,000,000, set

aside from the assets of the United States Steel Corporation, and already more than six million dollars have been paid out—to 3,200 heroes or their dependents, out of nearly forty thousand considered.

Only those not required by the duties of their regular vocations to protect life are eligible. Thus, no life-guard or fireman, heroic as either may have been, would qualify. That is because the professional incurs less risk than the amateur.

The hero must have acted with a full knowledge of the danger involved and unmotivated by thought of possible reward. At Fort Lauderdale, Florida, Joseph Arcaris rushed into a cage containing five lions to save Chester Czaja, the animals' caretaker, who had been set upon by his charges. Arcaris had never been in the cage. He had never worked with the lions. He knew, even without the chilling example before him, what might happen if he went among the beasts.

BUT CZAJA was flat on his back, unconscious. Three of the lions were mauling him. Already he was covered with blood. Delaying only long enough to arm himself with a long stick, Arcaris entered the cage. He beat off two of the animals. The third dragged the victim into a niche, where one of those driven off returned to the attack. Arcaris followed, drove off one and struck the other so hard that it turned its attention to him. Far from flinching in the face of this development,

Arcaris stepped closer and rained blows on the lion's head until it retreated. Men outside, who had been firing blanks, then came in and carried the badly injured keeper to safety.

This defiance of death for the sake of another brought Arcaris a bronze medal and \$250.

HEROISM is by no means confined to men. Thirteen of the newest awards went to women; and looking over the rolls since 1904, one wonders if the ladies haven't been pulling our legs a bit in their apparent obsession for leaping onto chairs at the sight of a mouse.

In Chicago for example, Yolandi Fabbri, a young housewife, plunged into Lake Michigan to save Patricia Dressen, aged two, from her temporarily deranged father, Edward, who was bent on drowning the child and himself. Struggling with the maddened parent for possession of the youngster, Mrs. Fabbri succeeded when a blow aimed at her by the father went wild and broke his hold. She swam to shore with the child, then returned and dragged the father to safety. Hauled from the water, Dressen dived in again and once more Mrs. Fabbri pulled him out.

For her persistent courage, Mrs. Fabbri received a bronze medal and \$500.

Even young girls take their places on the roster of the valorous. Patricia Shields, aged nine, owns a medal

for saving her playmate, Margaret Howard, from a hole in the ice of Black Rock Harbor at Buffalo. With Margaret floundering in the icy water, Patricia extended a leg into the water to her knee. Margaret took hold and started to climb out. Instead she pulled Patricia in with her. Managing somehow to regain the shelf, Patricia lay on her stomach and drew the other girl far enough up so that she could free herself.

Whatever differences may exist between men and women, youth and age, and the various races, the impulse to heroism apparently is not one of them. Rich or poor, famed or obscure, there are heroes among them all. At Panama City, Florida, one night during a violent storm, Norman Masslieno, a Negro fisherman, dived from a cruiser into Watson Bayou after George Logue who had fallen overboard. A wind screaming through the blackness at fifty to seventy miles an hour piled the waves seven feet high. The only light came from occasional flashes of lightning.

Despite these conditions and the fact that he was almost fully dressed, Masslieno threw off his life jacket when he found it hampered him. Guided by the lightning, he swam a hundred feet to where he had last seen Logue struggling, but the drowning man had disappeared. Meanwhile, others on the boat gave up both for lost and changed the cruiser's position. Masslieno noted this but kept up his search, finally

diving and finding his man under eight feet of water. He maneuvered him to the stern of the craft and there, catching hold of the pitching cruiser's edge, he at last got the others to give him a hand.

Not until a Carnegie representative called on him had Masslieno ever heard that people are sometimes paid for saving lives. The \$500 he received, along with a bronze medal, almost offended the simple goodness of his soul which had allowed him only one course when he saw a brother in mortal danger.

THE COMMISSION uses the greatest care in arriving at its decisions. Its field men often duplicate a given feat as nearly as possible in order to learn first hand the risks faced by the candidate. They plunge into water, descend into gas-ridden wells and mines, subject themselves to all manner of peril. Danger is their business and by establishing intimacy with it in all its forms, they have developed a perception of danger that precludes any chance of making an undeserved award.

They learn details of the hero's financial circumstances. Perhaps he doesn't need money. If so, he gets only a medal and the money goes to some other whose need is greater. Some years ago, Melvin J. Maas, a Congressman, received a silver medal, but no money, for saving an undetermined number of people from a homicidal attack on the floor of the

House of Representatives. A man brandishing a revolver had appeared at a gallery railing and demanded that he be allowed to speak. While nearly a hundred visitors fled in panic and the House sat spellbound, Maas calmly sauntered up under the spot where the man stood. The stranger pointed the weapon at him and threatened to shoot. Maas stood his ground and quietly cajoled the other into dropping the gun.

Money awarded must be well-spent. Perhaps the recipient or his next of kin needs a house. Maybe he has long wanted to set up a little shop. Has he some debts? Are his children's educations provided for? The Commission makes careful inquiry.

If HE IS disabled, either permanently or temporarily, and his means are limited, this circumstance becomes the determining factor in the use of an award. "If the hero is injured in his bold attempt to serve or save his fellows," Carnegie wrote, "he and those dependent upon him should not suffer pecuniarily thereby."

Ralph Allen Kelley, a young factory worker, suffered total paralysis from the waist down in rescuing two women from a burning factory building at Nashua, New Hampshire, early

in 1938. The women were trapped on the second floor, where were stored large quantities of celluloid and other inflammables, by fire which broke out on the first floor and quickly blocked the stairway exit from above.

All others fled from the building, but Kelley dashed up the burning stairway, led the hysterical women to a window and made them drop to the ground seventeen feet below while he beat back the crowding flames. Badly burned, he then jumped himself, sustaining two fractured vertebrae, which resulted in the paralysis. The women incurred only minor injuries.

Kelley's reward was a bronze medal and \$30 a month until further notice. That meant the Commission would look out for him as long as needed.

At Avenal, California, Marvin E. Wightman, a middle-aged contractor, thoughtlessly took hold of an iron pipe suspended on a cable from a derrick. One end of the pipe touched the ground. The cable holding it upright brushed a wire carrying 11,000 volts of electricity. Wightman was knocked out in his tracks but remained standing. Flame crackled from his hands.

A short distance away, Joseph C. Horine, a workman, saw what had happened. Quickly hunching his shoulders, he charged forward and

The time: today. The place: a lonely estate near Berlin. The plot: three valiant RAF pilots on the maddest mission of state ever conceived—caught in a hotbed of Nazi intrigue. Don't miss this exciting streamlined novel by Oscar Schisgall . . . beginning next month in the January issue of Coronet!

launched himself into a flying tackle, hoping to knock Wightman loose while his feet were off the ground. He failed to keep himself free of contact with the earth, however, and fell unconscious and severely burned. But he had saved Wightman's life.

Unable to work for a month, Horine was awarded \$500 in addition to the bronze medal telling of his exploit.

A comparison of the Commission's latest report with those for each of the past ten years suggests a sharp falling off in valorous deeds here at home.

There is only one \$1,000 award in the 1941 report. A year ago there were ten such awards; ten years ago, thirty-one, plus twenty awards for \$1,600. Silver medals are becoming increasingly rare. There have been only nineteen gold medals awarded since the fund was established.

But the impression this leaves is perhaps false. It could mean that, far from falling off, heroism in our Democratic world has attained such a high standard and occurs so often that to reward each hero in the deserved measure would be impossible.



Thousand-Year-Old Fathers

How would you like to meet the son of Plato, Socrates, Shakespeare, Napoleon, Benjamin Franklin or George Washington?

Impossible? Yes. But a hundred or a thousand years hence, the sons of today's great men might be born—of fathers who died centuries before!

The initial success in freezing and reviving human cells has given rise to this amazing prediction. For years it has been possible to "plant" germ cells by artificial methods. It is done daily in animal breeding.

Recent experiments by Pro-

fessor Hudson Hoagland and Dr. Gregory Pincus, of Clark University, suggest that it will be possible to freeze paternal germ cells, store them indefinitely and revive them at will. When this wonder becomes a reality a new kind of immortality will be possible.

The Clark scientists have succeeded in reviving paternal cells frozen for a week. Prof. Hoagland points out that it would be of inestimable value to society to be able to have born in the future the sons of great fathers.

—ROBERT M. HYATT



the
ere
ty-
00.
as-
nly
ce

is
far
our
n a
hat
red

Coronet Picture Story:

Say, Is This the U. S. A.

by ERSKINE CALDWELL
& MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

Based on the new book of
that name, published by
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.



The teamwork of Margaret Bourke-White, one of America's greatest photographers, and her husband, Erskine Caldwell, who wrote *Tobacco Road*, reaches new heights in depicting the face of our nation. *Say, Is This the U.S.A.* is really two stories in one. Yet the only difference lies in the methods of the pair who created it—both reach the same conclusions. Thus, you can enjoy each singly, or both together. Captions for Miss White's photographs are the inspired lyrics of Katherine Lee Bates' *America the Beautiful*.



O beautiful for spacious skies,



For amber waves of grain,

Say is this the U. S. A.

WE STARTED on a ten-thousand-mile trip to find out what Americans are doing these days. We zigzagged through America, sometimes by plane, sometimes in freight cars, sometimes by bus, sometimes in horse-and-buggy; perhaps going to Pretty Prairie because we liked the name on the Kansas road-map; perhaps dropping off in Soso because we wanted to know why Mississippians named a town so casually.

We saw America as the scene of a mighty drama—with everyone in America on stage taking part.

There were times when the scenery and the speeches seemed hopelessly jumbled. But somehow, as the play continued, its purpose increased in clarity and intensity.

Meanwhile there was action galore.

We found Americans attending patriotic pageants, dialing the radio alternately between swing music and war news, arguing over bills before Congress and minding their business of farming, teaching or storekeeping.

We found Americans today no longer trying to keep up with the Joneses. They have outgrown their craving for two cars in the garage.

Instead they are more concerned

about a permanent roof over their heads, about their children's future—about the future of America!

The Lean Years

WE WERE out on the South Dakota prairie, two hundred miles from anywhere, deep in the dry wheatlands. Last year's crop had been average, and the one before that worse.

On the leeward side of the barn on a cold windswept day the farmer was forking wheat-straw to a shivering herd of whitefaces. The cattle nosed into the straw, mooing as they ate. The silo was empty.

"Those cows can't live on straw, can they?" I asked the farmer.

"What would you feed them if you was me?" he asked, heaving a forkful against the side of the barn.

"Didn't you make any forage?"

"Too dry," he said. "Too dry for anything. Too dry for wheat, even if it did make the straw."

The cold prairie wind cut to the bone. Even standing on the leeward side of the barn helped little.

"What will you do if this year's crop dries up, too?" I said.

"Same as I've always done," he said. "I've done it for thirty years, and I guess I can keep on."

"You mean try to raise wheat?"

"That's right."

The red paint was peeling from the



For purple mountain majesties



Above the fruited plain.



America! America!



God shed His grace on thee,

barn, and the dwelling house was sagging and dilapidated. The windmill creaked and swayed over our heads. It looked as though it might fall to the ground any minute. The fences were down on all sides.

"Suppose this year's crop is worse than last year's," I said. "Suppose it's a lot worse. What will you do then?"

"It couldn't be worse," the farmer said. "Last year my corn didn't even make fodder. But I'll get by this year if I can make a crop."

"You mean corn and cane?"

"Wheat!" he shouted. "Wheat!"

"There's more wheat in storage right now than the country can eat. Why don't you forget about wheat for a while and raise other crops?"

"And have them dry up on me like my corn and cane?" he said, jabbing his fork into the straw. "No, sir! I'll raise wheat or bust!"

Horseplay

I ASKED A saxophone player in a Kansas City, Missouri, American Legion Band how he felt about going to war again. He said, "I'd fight anybody, anywhere, anytime at the drop of a hat, but I couldn't stoop over far enough to pick the thing up."

He had a belly like a barrel.

Two Legionnaires taking part in a celebration in Omaha, Nebraska, were resigned to the fact that any

future war America might become involved in would probably have to get along without their active services, but that there were still plenty of ways they could help the country at home.

But what Legionnaires in any American city lack in physical fitness they make up for in horseplay at their Forty-and-Eight gatherings.

I saw a serious-looking business man pour a pitcher of ice water into the coat pocket of a stern-appearing attorney; a minister crawl the entire length of a banquet hall to give a congressman the hot-foot.

The Legion's Drum and Bugle Corps, however, can still make the loudest music in America, and they have the best-looking majorettes.

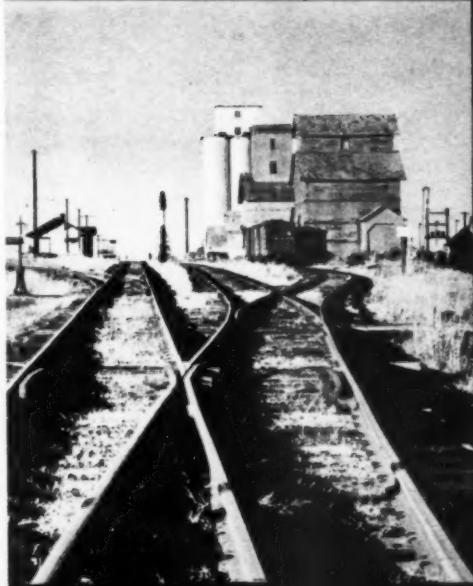
Smoke Artists and Rail-benders

IN DODGE CITY, Kansas, after having used every available means of transportation, I came to the conclusion that the railway parlor car is an institution created for the segregation of dull people; and that the freight train was devised for the exclusive use of the lively people.

Freight-train riding is a luxury that can be indulged in only by a fortunate few with grit and determination. It is a custom recognized by law west of the Mississippi River, where a man has the right to choose the company he keeps. Freight-train riders will



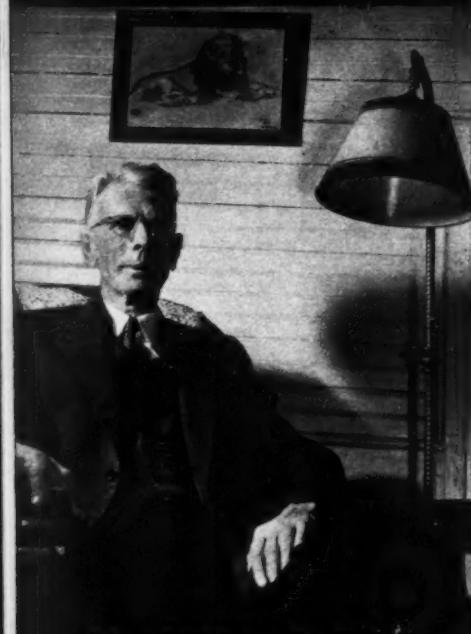
And crown thy good with brotherhood



From sea to shining sea.



O beautiful for pilgrim feet



Whose stern impulsion'd stress

share a boxcar with you without giving you a hard look if your foot accidentally touches a portion of their domain. They will tell you what the weather was like in Galveston without telling you how bad business was. They will tell you how much money they made on a job in Denver without warning you against telling the Internal Revenue Department about it. And if you leave the train before they do, they give you a hand down without expecting something from you in return.

Smoke artists, skippers, hog heads, bull snakes and railbenders seem to be far more pleased to have you aboard their ride than parlor-car conductors who invariably suspect you of trying to defraud the company until you prove you have no such motive. The crew's job is to unload a flock of sheep, load a herd of cows, pick up a watering trough and roll out a baby carriage; but they are never too busy to tell you what time you can expect to reach the next junction.

If you should be asked to ride in a caboose with the skipper, as we were by H. C. Clark of the Santa Fe's Dodge City Division, do not make undue comments about his collection of art poses of the Body Beautiful. He would probably tell you, as he told us, to go hang up your own art poses if you do not like his selection.

Thursday Lunch

IN PROVO, UTAH, I attended Rotary Club on Thursday, just as every Thursday in the year hundreds of thousands of Americans drop whatever they're doing and hurry to the weekly luncheon of their particular service clubs. They pile into hotels, restaurants and tea rooms from Seattle to Miami, slap one another on the back, pin on jumbo name-plates, call each other by their first names, and sit down to eat meals that have done more to safeguard the institution of marriage and the art of homecooking than anything else in the world.

I have attended hundreds of Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions and Exchange luncheons in the line of duty, and I found my meal in Provo typical of all such meals—whether served in Augusta, Maine, or in Calexico, California. It consisted of tinny tasting tomato juice; wilted lettuce with a dab of slightly rancid cottage cheese; breaded veal cutlet, which if stitched to two or three dozen other cutlets would make excellent saddle leather; waterlogged custard pudding; and a dark brown, lukewarm liquid that tasted like an extract of oak leaves.

Fortunately, song books and a piano were provided for members who could not stomach the victuals, and choral singing helped pass away the time. After the Rotary luncheon, Clayton



A thoroughfare for freedom beat



Across the wilderness.



America! America!



God mend thine ev'ry flaw,

Jenkins took us out to a fine turkey dinner. Mr. Jenkins, a Latter Day Saint, is secretary of the Provo Chamber of Commerce, and it is his job to supervise the repainting of posters advertising the cultural and business advantages of his city; to visit members of the Chamber at their stores. But after hours, Jenkins is an authority on the short story. His library contains twenty thousand of them.

Son

DURING OUR western swing, we saw an elderly man and his son at the desk in the railway station telegraph office. The boy, in his early twenties, was writing a message to send his mother back home in Wyoming.

"Tell her everything's going fine," the father said. "She'll be pleased to hear that."

Several other persons came up to the desk.

"He's going to make a fine soldier," the boy's father said proudly. "He's enlisted in the air corps to be a fighter. Now he's on his way to California to take the final test."

"He wasn't drafted?" the other man asked. "He volunteered?"

"That's right," the father answered. "We didn't want him to wait until they called him."

"How did his mother take it?"

"His mother was right with us from

the start. She's as proud of him as she can be."

"What do you think about it?" one man asked the boy. "Want to fight?"

"I'll say!"

"Why?" the man asked.

"I've never thought much about the reason," the boy said, smiling shyly. "I guess it's just because I want to see to it that my parents are taken care of. There wouldn't be much use in trying to make a lot of money for them while there was danger of something happening to the country."

The father put his hand on his son's shoulder, gripping him tightly. There were tears in the older man's eyes. Neither father nor son spoke.

Crapshooters' Paradise

THE BUSIEST, noisiest, most slam-bang place on the face of the earth is the bar and casino of the Commercial Hotel in Elko, Nevada.

You could put together the six o'clock Times Square subway rush, a twenty-million-share-day at the Stock Exchange and bombing practice at Muroc Dry Lake, and you still would not have anything that approaches the bedlam of Elko.

We walked into the casino and leaned against the bar. A battery of thirty-five or forty slot machines clang-banged all around us.

Down at the other end of the casino



Confirm thy soul in self-control,



Thy liberty in law.



O beautiful for heroes prov'd



In liberating strife,

shrill-voiced women were screaming around a birdcage where fifty-cent bets were taken. Crapshooters shouted out their lungs for two-bits, four-bits and stacks of silver dollars. We felt that if we waited long enough everybody in the world would pass by. A shabby-looking miner came in and sold a claim for a hundred thousand, cash on the line.

I walked over to the pangingue dealer and asked him if he ever played the game on his own time.

"Sure," he said, "We all do. It gets into your blood. But you can't win. The house is always the winner."

Horse-Traders

THE EASTERNER's idea of a good time is being able to spend thirty or forty dollars in a night club. The Westerner, we learned in Texas, goes to horse and livestock auctions, shows and exhibitions and is content to sit all day on a sharp rail watching.

The auctioneer's chant is the music the Westerner likes best. It goes:

"Forty now one forty now one anybody want to make it one make it one forty-one now I got one make it five make it five forty-one now make it five make it five I got two I got two make it five I got forty-two make it five make it five."

The Westerner sits on the rail with the rest of the railbirds all day and all

night. Some of the auctions, when the bidding is good, last for forty-eight hours at a stretch.

We attended shows and auctions all over the West, and I have yet to see a contract signed or money passed between traders. A nod of the head seals the bargain, and no names, bank references or certified checks enter into the deal. When a buyer is ready to haul away his purchases, he loads his stock and signs his check.

B-Girl

WE WERE sitting in a San Diego, California, night club at ten o'clock in the morning watching the cleaning women polish and dust and rearrange tables and chairs. After a while a bartender came in and went to work cleaning the bar. We went over and talked to him for a while, and during the time we were sitting there a girl came in.

"Who do you want to see?" the bartender asked.

"I'd like to speak to the boss," she replied.

The bartender shook his head. "The boss never comes in until around two o'clock in the afternoon."

The girl sat down on one of the stools. She looked tired and worn; she appeared to be about nineteen. Her clothes were neat-looking, but they were cheap and old. The bar-

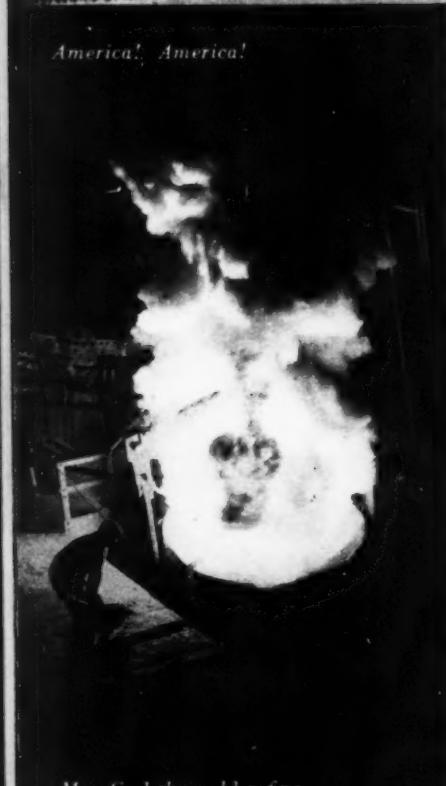


Who more than self their country loved

And mercy more than life.



America! America!



May God thy gold refine

tender went about his work of washing and polishing glasses.

"Looking for a job?" I asked her after a while.

She nodded her head eagerly.

"The boss doesn't do any hiring, himself," the bartender said. "Everything around here is on concession."

"Cigarette girls, too?" she asked him anxiously.

The bartender nodded, looking at her closely.

"You're no cigarette girl," he said.

The girl turned, biting her lips. "I'm really a B-girl," she said almost inaudibly.

The bartender nodded. "I thought you was a Bar-girl when you came in. I don't get fooled very often."

He reached for a dry cloth and began polishing a glass.

"I wanted to get out of it," the girl said. "That's why I came in here looking for a cigarette-girl job. B-girling gets me down. I don't blame girls for doing what they do when they can't stand it any longer. They do it just so they won't have to drink all that champagne. But all B-girls aren't bad!"

Nobody spoke. After several moments the girl left.

"If there's one, there's a million," the bartender said. "What the hell kind of a country is this, when a girl has to make a living that way?"

Negro School Principal

IN SOSO, MISSISSIPPI, the Negro school principal unburdened himself in the hope we might help him:

"I hate to start right in talking about our troubles, but I worry so much about it I can't sleep. My people pay taxes just like the whites, according to the value of property owned, but us Negroes don't get anything at all in return for what we pay out like they do. The county pays me a salary of \$50 a month, and one of my teachers gets \$40. The rest get \$25 a month. The principal of the white school with only a handful more pupils gets \$200 a month, and not one of his teachers gets less than \$100.

"If Negroes nearby didn't help us out with a lot of free board and room, I don't know what we'd do. The Negro people nearby help buy books for our library and the few things we need to run a school. I'm in favor of everybody having the best standard of living he can get. But I think Negroes ought to share better in the money spent for education.

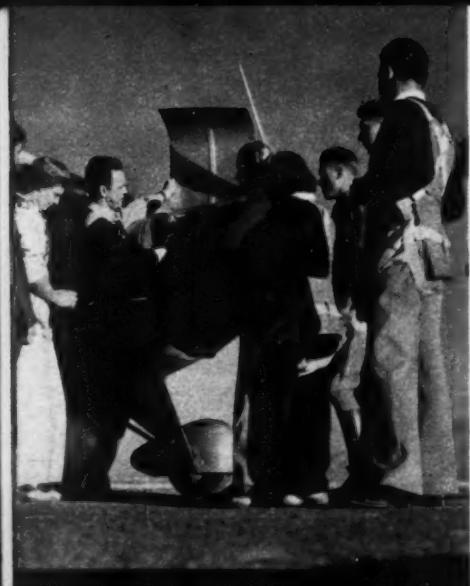
"When I talk to white people about it, some of them always say my people don't need much education to get along, and that if half the Negro children dropped out of school, we would need only half as many teachers, and then the ones that were left



Till all success be nobleness,



And ev'ry gain divine.



O beautiful for patriot dream



That sees beyond the years

could get twice as much salary. The white people talk like they don't care if we get my people educated or not. But they come around and make a big fuss if we don't pay the taxes when they fall due."

Circus

WE WENT to Sarasota, Florida, to see the circus in winter quarters. The best sideshow on the entire grounds was a four-year-old chimpanzee, "Dizzy Dean," and his keeper, Charlie Tanner.

Diz wanted to have his picture taken, and he expressed himself in no uncertain terms. He insisted on posing in every imaginable position, and in one or two beyond human imagination. He posed side-view, full-face, back-of-the-head, upside down, hind-quarters and prone on his stomach. When all the plates and flash bulbs were used up, Diz insisted on having the shutter of the empty camera clicked while he posed some more.

Washington Monologue

"I DON'T believe five per cent of the people in this country realize that two years from now we may be ducking into cellars and dodging bombs. It's going to be a great shock to a lot of people if we wake up some morning to find ourselves at war. Right now there is not enough

morale to withstand the shock, and the only way we can prepare for it is to jar the population into realizing what we will be up against if war does come. We could be training civilian home guards in first aid, fire-fighting and police duty. We could be forming mobile guards that could be rushed from one city to another on a moment's notice. We could be training CCC boys to man armored cars and speed boats in time of emergency. We could be doing a hundred things that ought to be done. But no, we sit around here on our rosy rumps day after day, doing nothing. We aren't hypnotized. We are just plain dumb."

The Filling Station Circuit

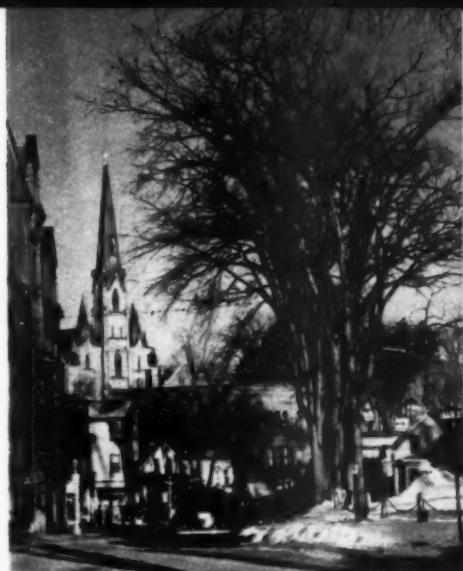
THERE WAS a time not so long past when it was the practice of many well-intentioned writers to make periodic tours of the country's gas stations to feel the American pulse.

Probably I too would have toured the filling station circuit except for an incident that occurred in Missouri.

We stopped at a filling station and I asked the attendant if he believed that the patriotism of the American people would arise to the occasion if a foreign aggressor should threaten.

With a business-like gesture he handed me this printed card:

"I am 36 years old. I smoke about a pack of cigarettes a day, sometimes



Thine alabaster cities gleam



Undimmed by human tears.



America! America!

God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with brotherhood

From sea to shining sea.

more and sometimes less, but it evens up. I am a Baptist, an Elk and a Rotarian. I live with my own wife, send my children to school and visit my in-laws once a year on Christmas Day. I wear No. 9½ shoes, shoot a 12-gauge shotgun and have a 27-inch crotch. I like rice, sweet potatoes and pork sausage. I vote for F.D.R. I'm in favor of the AAA, the CCC, the IOU and the USA. If I have left anything out, it's an oversight. My business is selling gasoline and oil. If you want your tank filled, just nod your head. If not, please move along and give the next fellow a chance. I thank you. Hurry back."

We were getting ready to leave when the attendant came back.

"Say," he began, "I hope you folks don't think I was rude just now when I gave you that card. I figured I had to get up something like that to hand out, because I was being Q'd and A'd to death by people stopping and asking all sorts of fool things and not buying gas either."

We shook our heads sheepishly.

"Anyway," he said, "you folks ought to know the answer to that question you asked me a while ago about defending the country."

"Why?" we asked.

"Hell," he said. "This ain't one of those foreign countries! This is America, ain't it?"

If this article doesn't leave you hot under the collar and wanting to "do something about it"—better plan to have your patriotism overhauled



Sex vs. the U. S. O.

by MICHAEL EVANS

IF ADOLF HITLER had walked into the room at that moment, Tommy would have told him to take the place and welcome to it.

Tommy is an infantry private at one of those huge Southern encampments which have sprouted from a tangle of slash pine and sand to a community of 50,000 men. It was Sunday morning, and B Company room—a bare unpainted hall of rough lumber — was deserted except for Tommy and the bored canteen attendant.

Tommy's eyes stared drearily into space. His head ached, and he was worried that he might have caught some disease from the "waitress" down at the "barbecue shack" a couple of miles outside camp limits.

Tommy had gone to the place with a couple of fellows from the barracks. He was a nice clean kid from the wide-open spaces, and it was the first time he had ever been with a prostitute. He had been excited when they went

into the barbecue place. First they sat at the counter and ordered a round of "shots"—small bottles of lemon pop, spiked with alcohol. The stuff cost them twenty-five cents a bottle.

After three rounds of shots, Tommy and his friends went out into the back room with the blonde waitress. That part was all a little vague to Tommy this morning, but he did remember visiting the prophylactic station back in camp.

Now it was Sunday morning, and Tommy had a hangover that was mental and moral as well as physical. He was homesick and heartsick. If anyone had asked him what he thought about defending America, he would have said "the hell with it" and meant it.

THERE ARE probably other things wrong with the Army, but the case of Tommy vividly illustrates the running sore in its attempt to keep

1,500,000 young men fit, healthy, happy and enthusiastic.

One thing can be said on the plus side. Tommy's worry over venereal disease is groundless. The chances are that any soldier who goes straight to a prophylactic station will escape any disease. Army disease control is tops.

But—with the brilliant exceptions of the Air Corps, the Armored Forces and some other picked units—the Army score on morale ranges from bad through indifferent to shameful.

You can chase the responsibility for this breakdown through Congress, which failed to appropriate the money for recreation facilities—through the Army High Command which didn't insist on the money and bungled the use of what it got—past ineptly trained field officers—right into the small towns and cities which prey on the personnel of the big encampments.

But wherever the blame lies you get right back to the fact that morale in the Army is a condition, not a theory.

MORALE isn't just a question of giving Tommy something to do on Saturday night that will keep him out of the barbecue shacks—though that's a big part of it.

It's a case of prompt delivery of mail to soldiers. That seems like a small matter, but it wasn't so small to a young farm lad from Ohio who was off on maneuvers in Louisiana last September. His mother was gravely

ill when his outfit went into the field, and his captain had promised him leave to rush home if her condition got worse. Ten days before the letter from southern Ohio reached the lad in Louisiana his mother died. His "morale" now makes up part of what is wrong with the Army.

It's a case of common sense in handling men, too. For instance, consider the young interne from Louisville who was drafted into the Army over the protest of the hospital where he was serving. The local draft board apparently saw no reason to give the interne any different treatment than an unskilled laborer. That went for the Army, too, in spite of its declared policy of fitting men to the tasks for which they are best qualified. At last reports the interne was busily engaged in KP duty with an infantry unit in Iowa, having been assigned that task because of his efforts to get transferred to the medical corps. You can write your own ticket as to this man's morale.

It's even a case of putting the bill of rights into practice in the case of Negro outfits sent from the North into Southern camps. The enthusiasm of at least one Negro unit from Michigan was hardly improved by being chased off the highways of Arkansas by an organized mob of deputies and vigilantes.

And it's a case of hearing from girls back home to thousands of soldiers. Maybe twenty-one-year olds shouldn't fret over whose high school

class rings their girls are wearing. But they do.

No, army morale is not a lot of fine, polysyllabic words in newspaper editorials.

It is, instead, how a lot of young fellows away from home feel about things—little things for the most part.

This is a serious business. Just as serious as panzer divisions and dive bombers. A soldier who has just had a letter from the girl back home, telling him she is going to marry that buck-toothed dentist is just one more recruit for that what's-wrong-with-the-Army division. Unless the Army is smart enough to take his mind off his personal troubles.

In Germany, of course, they handle this problem a bit differently. They form Strength Through Joy Clubs—and frankly tell the girls back home that it is their duty to give themselves to Nazi soldiers and bear children—in or out of wedlock.

That is hardly the American way. But a little more frankness about the sex life of a million and a half healthy American males uprooted from their natural environment would do the U. S. Army no harm. Obviously these young men won't turn celibate overnight just because they have been jerked out of homes from Keokuk to Kennebec, dressed in uniforms and sent to live in isolated camps.

Everyone, of course, from burlesque strippers to Junior League hostesses, has taken a haphazard crack at doing something for what they like to call "the boys' morale."

Margie Hart mailed her picture to General Haskell—mailed a thousand of them, in fact—"to give the boys a little romance and sentiment in their lonely hours." The General, blinking the fact that every tent in his command boasted a collection of "poster art," promptly mailed them back. Elsa Maxwell toured the camps and proclaimed with essential wisdom that every American boy was entitled to dance with an American girl and to hold her hand on a park bench in the moonlight. This advice had no apparent effect upon the parents of

thousands of young southern women in the towns close to the big camp who have been forbidden to speak—much less walk in the moonlight—with any soldier under the rank of lieutenant. John Powers ordered fifty of his most luscious models up to the firing line with instructions to get in there and give for the red, white and blue. That meant that an astronomical fraction of one per cent of the Army spent an embarrassing day amid the popping flashbulbs of the news cameramen while the Powers girls garnered more free publicity.

It has all been very gay and rather

hysteria. Two hundred debutantes for a camp of 60,000 soldiers; Friday night Church dances for one man per platoon; dinner and an evening with a bashful girl under her parent's watchful eye for twenty to thirty men out of a camp of 20,000; a day at the beach under the camera lens of a picture magazine for five soldiers.

GIVE THE Army credit, though. It saw this cloud before it was bigger than a man's hand. The intent was excellent. They got the American Social Hygiene Association which knows sex problems like Connie Mack knows baseball. They got Dr. Thomas Parran, the great public crusader for common sense and sanity in sex. They created a Morale Section—the first in history and devised a down-to-earth program something like this:

Give the boys plenty to do in their off hours—games, good shows, athletics, camp newspapers, dances where they can talk and laugh with girls, sightseeing trips, etc. Keep all this cheap or free, so the boys can afford it. Make it easy for them to enjoy themselves wholesomely without much effort. Keep the areas around the camps as free as possible of prostitutes, beer joints and riff-raff. On the medical side, give the men frank instruction on sex and how to care for themselves. Provide all possible facilities for prevention, detection and treatment of infection.

On paper that sounds easy. In practice it has been a galloping headache.

The Army never had a Morale Section before. That in itself meant trouble with precedent-bound brass-hats. To make matters worse the Morale Command got only advisory powers. It could not step into a camp and say: "This is how we are going to do it."

Then, the Morale Section got only \$200,000 as an initial appropriation—about fifteen cents for each of the 1,500,000 men in training the first year. It had enough money to buy each man a pack of cigarettes!

There hasn't been money for bats and balls and catchers' mitts at most Army establishments—except for some of the exhibition teams which sports-conscious commandants have built up here and there with drafted talent from the professional leagues. All camps have movie theaters, but none has enough to accommodate all the men at one time or even, for the most part, in split shifts. Even Army movies are Grade-B features. Grade-A films cost too much.

The worst situation is in the South—site of most of the big camps and maneuver areas. The camps are miles away from big cities. They are surrounded by little towns and villages where authorities are frequently hostile and almost invariably indifferent.

To meet this problem the Army has embarked on a radical solution. It is setting up along the Gulf Coast a chain of recreation areas—the khaki equivalent of a week-end resort where soldiers can go for Saturday and Sun-

day to fish, swim, dance, play golf and ride the roller-coaster. The recreation camps are the answer, par excellence, to the morale problem. They are cheap, clean and healthy. The youngsters have a good time. But the average camp accommodates only 500 to 1,000 soldiers. Only a dozen were in operation by early fall. At that rate a soldier would be lucky to get a weekend a year in the fun areas. It will be a year before anything like enough camps are operating.

SINCE TIME immemorial every army has had women camp followers, and the U. S. Army, 1941, is no exception.

The Army can, and does, send Military Police into red light areas, to keep an eye on the boys and exercise rather superficial surveillance over the women. But if local authorities permit the operation of commercial vice establishments—and most do—then the Army cannot close them.

At least half the Army's problem arises from the mere physical smallness of the towns around the big camps. They simply do not have the facilities to cope with vice and crime. They have no amusement or entertainment facilities for the 50,000 men

set down a half dozen miles away. This is the field in which the late-starting United Service Organizations should do the most good. Its mission is to establish in such towns places where the soldiers can have fun.

In the field of direct sex control—by contrast—the Army has done a four-star job. The program is one hundred per cent practical. During their first week in the Army, a hard-boiled sergeant who has been through the mill gives the boys practical pointers on what to avoid.

The men are frankly and repeatedly instructed in venereal disease dangers and how to protect themselves. Treatment of cases that develop is compulsory and efficient. An effort is made to trace each infection to its source and eliminate that source. This program has cut the Army's infection rate to less than thirty per thousand, only one-third that of 1917-18.

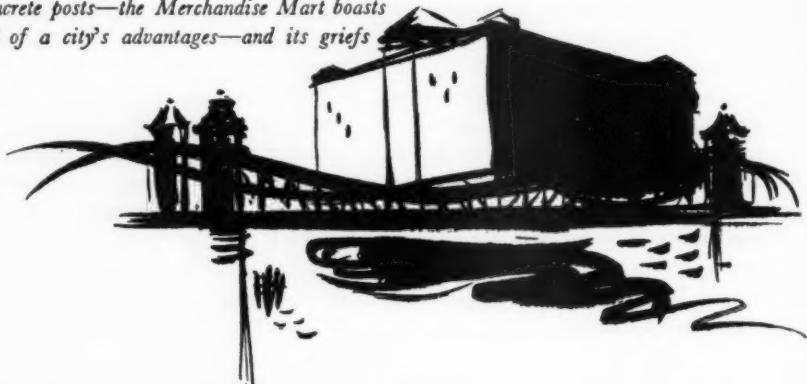
Gradually the Army is getting this phase of their problem in hand—which is more than can be said for the broader problem of morale.

Until the Army's practical program is put into actual operation, morale will still be the answer to: what's wrong with the Army?

Next Month . . .

Coronet will feature the addition of 16 extra pages of editorial content, including the first installment of a thrilling new serial by an outstanding American author . . . don't miss it!

A veritable city afloat—supported on 458 concrete posts—the Merchandise Mart boasts all of a city's advantages—and its griefs



Chicago's Indoor City

by KENT SAGENDORPH

WOLF'S POINT was a sandy bend in the Chicago River a century ago, when a whiskered pioneer built the first trading post there. It was a shallow river then, and Lake Michigan was some hundred yards away. Today the lake is half a mile away and ocean ships come down the river. But Wolf's Point is still there, and so is the trading post.

They call it the Merchandise Mart, and it is the biggest building in the world. It accumulated there by some mysterious process known only to engineers and Chicago promoters. The building company owns none of the land beneath it except a series of postholes carefully spotted in between eight railroad tracks. The \$30,000,000 colossus straddles these tracks

on huge posts—a veritable castle in the air. Its solid construction begins only at an elevation of twenty-three feet—and then goes up twenty-five stories.

The building is so big that each of its floors is the equivalent of a twenty-story building on a lot one hundred by one hundred feet. If it were built on the site occupied by the Empire State Building it would tower up half a mile to a height of 169 stories. Each floor is about large enough to accommodate four regulation-sized football gridirons—and all the people in Chicago could be crowded within its walls.

The Merchandise Mart is a self-contained city. Behind the visitor's lobby it has two floors of "Main

"Street" retail stores for its own people; a police and fire force; its own newspaper; a twelve-team softball league in summer and a forty-eight-team bowling league in the winter. The Mart is a city of 28,000 tenants and employees who, together with their families, constitute a retail trade area of their own as large as that of Portland, Maine.

They like to come down to their own independent drug store (Charlie Matthews, proprietor) and see what their favorite teams in the softball league accomplished the preceding day. They have their own bank (Merchandise National, assets \$30,000,000); their own postoffice with six carrier routes; their own doctor; and all the service facilities of any good-sized city.

Of these 28,000 people in the Mart's permanent population, 18,000 are women. For them, the Mart's "Main Street" is lined with little dress shops, hosiery shops, greeting-card and gift-ware stores. They band together into clubs and visit back and forth just as women will in any town.

NEIGHBORLINESS is even stronger than in most growing cities. The feeling of being bound closely together in their walled city, makes Mart people a tight clan. When Elevator Operator Gerald Callahan was drafted, Miss Alice Corrigan, a kindly woman in charge of the Drueding Brothers space on the fourteenth floor, decided to write him a community letter. Like all Mart enterprises, this one hung up

a new record. Private Callahan received a letter 340 feet long. Dangled from the roof of the building, it reached almost to the street.

When illness strikes in the Mart, Dr. Eugene A. Hamilton is at the scene in a hurry. If it's a hospital case he whiskers a wheeled stretcher up in the freight elevators, and the patient is removed so silently that it looks like a magician's trick. There haven't been any babies born in the Mart yet—but when that does happen, "Doc" Hamilton will be ready.

A typical small-city newspaper, the *Mart News* is packed with the gossip of the building. "Mrs. E. D. Leavitt, 1522, held a movie show recently which was enjoyed by all. Shirley Irwin of Narrow Fabric Company, patiently awaits a certain telephone call every day. Bob Hoffman, president, chief office boy and what not for the Bergonize Company in Room 1112 has solved his guest-house problem by buying a private railroad car from the Burlington and parking it in his back yard."

When the *News* sponsored a beauty contest among building people, thousands of votes came in and the queen, "Miss Merchandise Mart" was duly elected. All of the thirty-two retail stores advertise in the *Mart News* with the same kind of displays seen in any local paper.

Lunch for 28,000 people was the subject of a recent study by the building management. They found that tenants throughout the building had

recognized the congestion in the Mart's six restaurants and had agreed among themselves to stagger lunch-hours for their employees. Now they enter the elevators at fifteen-minute intervals, which eliminates some of the waiting. They'd rather wait three-deep for service at a Mart lunch-counter than walk across the bridge and patronize an outsider.

LIFE GOES ON in this indoor city about the same as in Dubuque, Iowa or Kankakee, Illinois. People drop dead on the lobby floor or in the corridors; truckmen get cut and drop heavy crates on their toes; Miss Whoozis sprains her wrist under a falling typewriter. Doc Hamilton and his staff take charge, and the excitement gradually subsides. People still play the old April Fool jokes on the police chief and his stalwart men. And they still fall for them.

An occasional petty thief is apprehended and hustled out, but most police calls are for protection against peddlers and solicitors. Chief Steve Hartzick says that the police station on the ninth floor answers calls essentially the same as those in any town: lost children, information, false alarms that start with shrieks of great excitement and turn out to be mediocre disappointments.

The Chief is not only head of the Mart's Missing Persons Bureau, which hunts up lost children, but also the custodian of the Lost and Found department. Here, in the course of a

year, he has received sets of false teeth, electric fans, an old postage-stamp vending machine that somebody lost, cases of dog food, umbrellas by the score, galoshes and rubbers, pictures and, surprisingly, a set of crochet needles.

Last year he received a frantic call from a tenant on the eighth floor who claimed he was being shot at and that bullets were coming in his office window. Chief Hartzick and several picked men hurried to the scene. There they found that one of the tenants on the fifteenth floor had inadvertently dropped a case of small marbles out of the window into an inner court. They hit the roof on the eighth floor so hard that they went through the window like bullets. There was glass all over the floor.

In contrast to the ever-present police, the Mart's town fire department is never seen and operates invisibly. The building maintains a staff of watchmen under W. A. Stahl, operating engineer. They are everywhere, watching the operation of elevators, signal lights, accumulations of wrappings and debris in the freight corridors. There is a fire-alarm box within a few steps of any point. Special service telephones are installed in every freight corridor, and the building includes 60,000 automatic sprinkler heads. The commonest cause of fire is a lighted cigarette thrown into an office waste-basket which is then dumped into the waste-paper chute. After this had happened a few times,

the maintenance staff installed some additional sprinklers in the chute itself. These throw a spray ten feet into the chute at the rate of 240 gallons per minute as soon as the temperature rises, besides automatically turning in a building alarm.

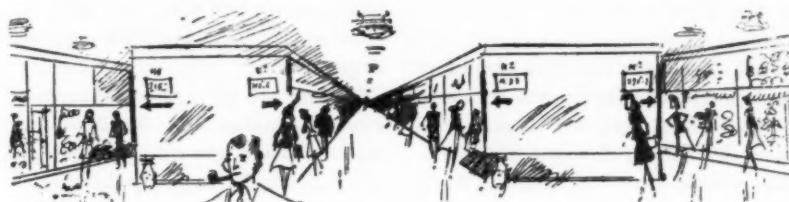
THERE IS LESS than the national average of job turnovers in the Mart, but there are some. One of the building's service features is the Selective Placement Council on the twenty-first floor, used constantly by the tenants for exchange employees. An office girl might lose her job on the fourteenth floor and find another one on the fifteenth; a tenant whose stock boy is called up under the draft act can get another one the same afternoon if the employment office has a prospect on hand. A capable employee who wants to learn merchandising in all its retail forms can progress from one job to another—in this same building—for years.

The Mart is probably the best place in the world to study the art of department-store merchandising. It is a compact cross-section of the national field at any given moment, timed perhaps two months ahead of the con-

sumer. Christmas was duly celebrated at the Mart last July, with Santa Claus in person, Christmas parties throughout the building and a gala edition of the *Mart News*. Buyers sweltering in the ninety-degree blast of heat in Chicago's Loop obtained some relief merely by standing in front of illuminated display windows inside the building and gazing at brilliant Christmas trees covered with artificial snow.

Each merchandising floor has a special club, similar in organization and function to the familiar Rotary or Kiwanis in the average city. Membership is restricted to tenants, who are the bosses of their businesses. They meet for regular luncheons in the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Club. They bring in speakers, sponsor drives and furnish each other with tables of business indexes. They are, in general, master merchandisers. Many have operated thriving stores of their own before opening manufacturers' agencies in the Mart.

The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Club occupies a \$100,000 salon on the second floor. It has an outer visitors' lobby near the elevators which merely piques the curiosity of those



unfortunate buyers and visitors who cannot go in. Members are tenants in the building who use these luxurious quarters to wine and dine clients.

The Club expresses modernism the expensive way, with lounge rooms eighty feet long by sixty feet wide and furnishings done in warm tones of sand, coral and brown. Off on one side of the lounge, the member will show his client a garden café and bar surrounded by mirrors and screened by a white lattice. The whole floor is carpeted and padded. Service is silent, and attendants are instructed to refuse tips. Adjoining the lounge area and bar there are eight private dining rooms for small gatherings. Farther on is an elaborate exercising gymnasium, turkish bath and rubbing room.

The Club, however, is more than a place to entertain. It is a sort of Better Business Bureau for the citizens of the Mart. They have a Chamber of Commerce provided by the building, where John S. Duncombe's promotion department is in contact with hundreds of newspapers and trade journals throughout the world. He has a copy staff, a photographic service and a research division to prepare pictures and releases on every phase of the Mart's activity.

THE MERCHANDISE MART building itself is not only the biggest structure in the world, but the biggest real-estate gamble in the past fifty years. The Mart is owned by Marshall Field

& Company, which visualized it back in 1926 as a simple combination warehouse and wholesale display room.

The building was under construction three years and opened on May 1, 1930—the most inauspicious date imaginable. By that time, most of the country had recovered from its delusions of grandeur. Instead of opening more branch offices and display rooms, most manufacturers were closing those they had. But the gigantic building was there, a reality. Presently it began gobbling up red ink at a rate unparalleled in Chicago real-estate history.

Hopefully Marshall Field & Company opened a display room in its echoing corridors and looked around for tenants. Ed Vandy took some space for his housewares exhibit. Andy Bopp moved in with his furniture lines. Soon the National Broadcasting Company took most of the tower space for its midcontinent network headquarters. They advertised the building's name all over the nation, by merely including it in their network announcements: "This program has reached you from our studios in the Merchandise Mart, Chicago." Streams of sightseers poured into the lobby, day after day, to apply for seats in the studio during network broadcasts.

Today, some months after its eleventh anniversary, the Mart has won its point beyond question and has become the merchandising capi-

tal of the nation. Representatives of more than 4,000 U. S. factories display and sell their products to department-store and independent buyers.

The building management maintains its own merchandising service as an aid to visiting buyers, who are given thick directories of each phase of a buyer's job. They bear the title: "What's New?" and contain hundreds of little style tips, design changes and gadgets which will be shown at the next market. On any given day the building is like a gigantic museum, with models strolling down carpeted runways before dress buyers in one room, washing machines churning up froth next door, toy trains

blinking tiny lights down the hall.

While the crowds of visiting buyers are watching the demonstrations, these Mart citizens are more interested in the doings of their own folks. They have all seen the Toy Village, the miniature model homes which you can arrange to suit your own tastes and the inspiring array of glistening crystal and cut glass on the fifteenth floor. But the discovery that Old Mike, the mysterious night watchman who speaks seven languages fluently, is a bona fide Russian ex-nobleman shakes the Mart's walled city to its 458 concrete caisson foundations.

It's the biggest building in the world—with a small town inside it.

All-American Prophet

IN 1888, a remarkable American published a tiny volume containing a fantastic series of prophecies about the future of America.

Fifty-three years ago David Goodman Croly, managing editor of a New York daily, foresaw the coming of a WPA; a "wonderful era of synthetic chemistry"; a civilian conservation corps; a wave of picture magazines around the middle of the 20th Century; heavier than air flying machines and the use of aluminum therein; modern color printing; an extensive system of subway travel in New York; the breakup of family ties; an era of sexual promiscuity; easily

obtainable divorce and the public's sanction of it; premarital examination of men and women about to marry.

In 1888 Croly wrote:

"I particularly fear Germany in the coming international war. When the inevitable conflict begins it is likely to create a conflagration that will involve all the leading nations of the earth. When we wake to a consciousness of our own strength we will insist on the possession of all the fortifications near our coasts. This will involve the annexation of many of the West India islands."

Dr. Nostradamus, move over please.

—MURRAY TEIGH BLOOM

Lifesaving on Wheels

by HOWARD WHITMAN

Today, when cities are battlefields and children fair war prey, the ambulance although perhaps the last line of defense, is the one closest to home



WAR HAS again made America ambulance-conscious. Motorized killing has paved the way for motorized lifesaving.

In peacetime we gave ambulances the go-by. They were noisy but necessary evils, clanging contraptions that woke you up at night or whizzed around corners and all but shaved off your mustache. But wartime means sabotage, factories whirring at full speed, accidents, explosions, men injured. It means crowded roads, trucks, traffic, heavy loads, busy docks, all-night shifts, straining mills, speedups, humming belts. It means Death looking for a place on every payroll.

It even means a grim possibility, near or remote, of war in America—of air raids on American cities.

It was the Civil War that gave Col. Edward B. Dalton his idea for the first civilian ambulance service in the world. He inaugurated life-saving-on-wheels in 1869 with a horse-and-buggy contraption that looked like a bread wagon. And now the present war has already given birth to the bread wagon's great grandchild.

"Catastrophe Unit" is what they call it. Bellevue Hospital in New York, where Dalton ran his first ambulance, launched its Catastrophe Unit just a short time after the war started. It is a super-ambulance, a veritable motorized hospital. And here's how it works:

IT IS AFTER midnight, and the hospital corridor is silent, save for the

muffled footfalls of nurses and internes. In their beds the ill and ailing are asleep. A charwoman is working noiselessly at the end of the hall.

Suddenly a light flashes on the call-board. "E-30 . . . E-30 . . . E-30" It flashes on callboards in every corridor of Bellevue's eighty-five wards. In staff quarters a fire bell clangs. "7-7-7 . . . 7-7-7 . . . 7-7-7" The lights and bells are eloquent. They mean catastrophe!

Doctors and nurses who belong to the Catastrophe Squads hurry to the emergency ward. Squad captains give crisp orders. Out of the hospital garage rolls a big, snub-nosed Catastrophe Bus. Thirteen doctors and thirteen nurses pile into it. Ahead of them, the trail to the scene of disaster is blazed by a speeding, stream-line ambulance with siren wide open. Last in the convoy comes the supply wagon, piled high with drums of equipment.

There are forceps, sutures, anti-tetanus serum, needles, sponges, tourniquets, antiseptics, whiskey, rubber gloves, gauze, sterile towels, splints, blankets, scalpels and a score of drugs.

A field hospital is set up at the scene, much as you'd expect to find it in no-man's land. And the Cata-

trophe Unit is ready for anything from emergency operations to doses of castor oil. In its brief existence it has already brought succor in major fires, explosions, a theatre collapse, train accidents and kindred catastrophes.

DR. EDWARD M. BERNECKER, New York's commissar of catastrophes, has divided the entire city into twelve big disaster units and plans to have a fully equipped Catastrophe Unit in each of them before long. Already he has his eye on more modern equipment. He spoke eagerly of an "expanding tractor" now under development, in which "you just turn a crank and it widens out into a ward big enough for twenty-four patients."

Portland, Oregon, has a motorized hospital, which it calls a Disaster Car. It carries 1,200 pieces of equipment, weighing three tons. Ready for most anything, the Portland unit is equipped with a smoothly-working portable power plant for flood lights, a public address system to direct rescue work, smoke and gas helmets, and two-way radio.

Wartime has set off the alarm clock in this business of lifesaving-on-wheels. But some cities wake up more slowly

than others. Look over America today, and you find ambulance systems in scores of cities are no more streamlined than the One Hoss Shay. The number of cases where accident victims have died in the street because no ambulance arrived in time has been appalling. Dozens of cities have hodge-podge ambulance systems that make life and death a hit-or-miss proposition.

Recently the Interne Council of America conducted a survey of public ambulance service throughout the nation. Chicago, the second largest city in America, reported that it had no public ambulances at all. For its big job of motorized lifesaving it depends upon thirty-nine district police squad cars, equipped with stretchers. In cases of lesser emergency, Chicago offered the services of its forty-seven Black Marias.

MIAMI, which has a population of 248,000 in the Summer and plays host to again as many persons from all over America in the Winter, reported somewhat sadly that it, too, has no publicly-owned ambulances at all and depends in emergencies upon fourteen privately owned vehicles. Miami also reported that no doctor rides on emergency calls and that a

stretcher was its only ambulance equipment. Jacksonville, Florida, boasted one municipal ambulance for its 160,000 manned by a policeman with a knowledge of first aid.

In most cases where a public ambulance system is completely lacking, cities find themselves dependent upon private ambulance companies, some with city contracts to handle emergencies at so much per haul. Flint, Michigan, threw the whole problem in the lap of the local undertakers. It was up to the undertakers to chase all the emergencies, but unfor-

tunately only about eight of the undertakers' fifteen ambulances were equipped for first aid. After all, *lifesaving* is hardly an undertaker's business.

In Philadelphia, Dr. Hubley R. Owen, Director of Public Health, recently went on record as saying that Philadelphia's ambulance system was "hardly sufficient" to cope with a real emergency. In America's third largest city, the police department operates one ambulance and three patrol wagons equipped as ambulances. For all other calls, Philadelphia depends upon twenty-nine ambulances run by various hospitals and private firms. Dr. Owen lamented the



inadequate state of affairs after a trainman was crushed by a freight car and lay dying for fifty minutes while calls were made to three hospitals in vain attempts to locate an ambulance.

HAPPILY, THERE'S a bright side to the picture, too. A few of our towns have cracker-jack ambulance systems. Take San Francisco. The West Coast metropolis does a first-class job of life-saving-on-wheels. It operates fourteen up-to-date vehicles, each one equipped with short-wave radio, so that Clancey at Police Headquarters can have an ambulance at the scene of an accident almost before it happens. The city is mapped into fourteen districts, and the fourteen buses do a neat job of handling some 33,000 emergency calls yearly. In addition to the usual medical equipment, Frisco's vehicles carry cork life preservers, signal flares and insulated tongs for handling high voltage wires.

Baltimore got the bright idea of operating its ambulances through the fire department. This gives the advantage of a ready-made alarm system. Precious minutes are saved by turning in ambulance calls through the regular fire-box system. The city is divided into five zones, and ambulances stand by ready to dart to an emergency in each zone, like fire engines. Specially trained first-aid experts man the vehicles, which carry everything from strait jackets to eye cups. About 15,000 emergency calls a year is Baltimore's average.

New York, as you'd expect, claims the best ambulance system of all. Certainly it has the biggest. Not counting the catastrophe setup which we discussed above, New York operates a fleet of 140 ambulances, based at forty-seven emergency hospitals, each with its specific district to cover. Last year they handled a total of 524,000 calls. Seven of the newest vehicles are streamlined Cadillacs which cost \$2,400 apiece and have enough built-in gadgets to draw a sigh from Norman Bel Geddes. To mention a handful, there are built-in inhalators, built-in seats that unfold into auxiliary stretchers, built-in splint compartments and tricky carry-all chairs that make it possible to convey the fattest human down the windiest staircase.

But the New York system isn't all orchids. There is no distinction between emergency calls and ordinary sick calls from people who can't afford a doctor. As a result, the zooming block-long Cadillacs go clanging and screaming through the streets on innumerable calls that add up nothing more than the fact that little Herman has an earache.

This over-abundance of calls makes ambulance service, or "riding bus" as the lads call it, one continual pain in the stethoscope for New York's internes.

But New York, with its heart as big as a whale, likes to feel that not a single ailing creature in its motley seven million will be deprived of his bottle of pills. As a result, nuisance

calls plague the ambulance system. One woman called an ambulance late at night and told the doctor, after he had climbed four flights of stairs with his 18-pound bag, "Please, doc, my little dog he's burned his nose on the stove. You fix him up?"

Another woman called an ambulance because she had had a bad dream. A man put in a call at three o'clock in the morning and, after the ambulance clanged to a halt in front of his house, he announced to the doctor that he "just couldn't sleep."

"How long has this bothered you?" the interne inquired.

"Oh, about twenty years," was the reply.

Actually, nuisance calls are a serious business. When an ambulance is needed for a life-or-death emergency, it is small comfort to find it unavailable due to the plaint of a crackpot who had a bad dream. And there's also the danger element. Two New York internes have been killed in ambulance crashes in recent years.

New York is far outstripped, as far

as sick calls go, by the more intelligent humanitarianism of Buffalo, Boston and Minneapolis. These cities have visiting doctor services for the sick who can't afford private help.

Louisville, Kentucky, by yet another method, has ironed out the kink very neatly. Its police department operates six ambulances which cope with emergencies. Sick calls are answered exclusively by the Health Department, which runs two ambulances on a more leisurely routine.

It's a piebald picture that America presents today, each city working out its own system or lack of system. But just as a trial and error on the battle-fields of the Potomac brought forth old Colonel Dalton's bread wagon, so the tocsin of modern wartime may soon have every American city wide awake to the needs of its own last line of defense, the one nearest home.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

BELLEVUE

by Lorraine Maynard
and Laurence Mancell, M. D. \$2.50
Julian Messner, Inc., New York

To Understand Is to Forgive

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK, son of the great German militarist, once accompanied the Emperor on a visit to Rome. At the railway station he rudely shoved an Italian official. When the victim objected, Bismarck glared angrily. "I don't

think you know who I am," he snapped. "I am Count Herbert Bismarck."

The Italian bowed suavely. "That," he replied, "is an insufficient excuse—but as an explanation it is ample."

—HERMAN KRIMMEL



elli-
pos-
ties
the
dp.
yet
the
rt-
ich
are
lth
ou-
ne.
ica
out
But
le-
rth
so
ay
de
ast
ne.

.50
ork

Coronet's
Gallery of Photographs

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

ALBERT STEINER

ALFRED MILLOTTE

KURT LUBINSKI

JOEL

HEIN GORNY

Fritz Henle

PAUL BERG

ANDRÉ STEINER

TORKEL KORLING

MAURINE

SY LANDAU

JAMES SNYDER

CARL A. TAYLOR

ERNST RATHENAU

A. ROLFE PARBER

DALE VINCENT

WILLIAM EYMANN

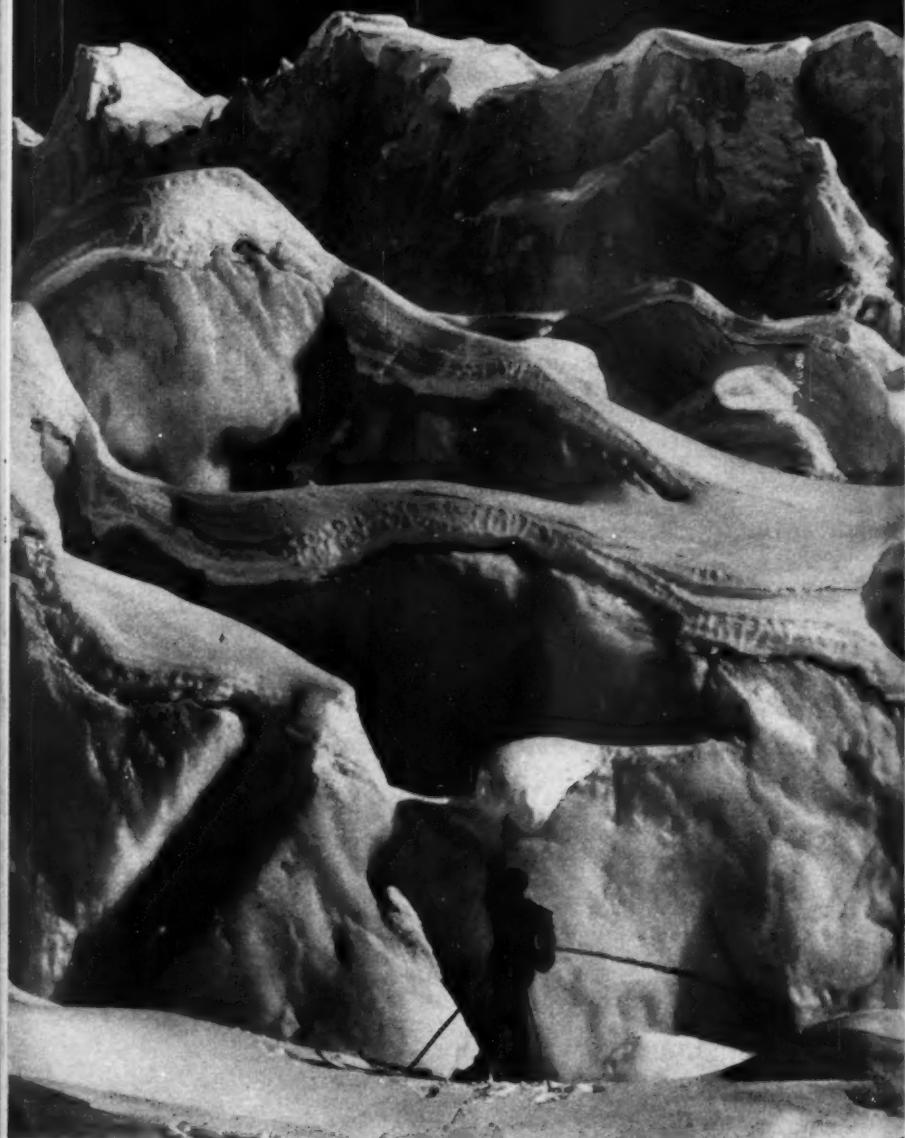
JOE CLARK

KONRAD CRAMER

HUGO GORSKI

ERWIN BLUMENFELD

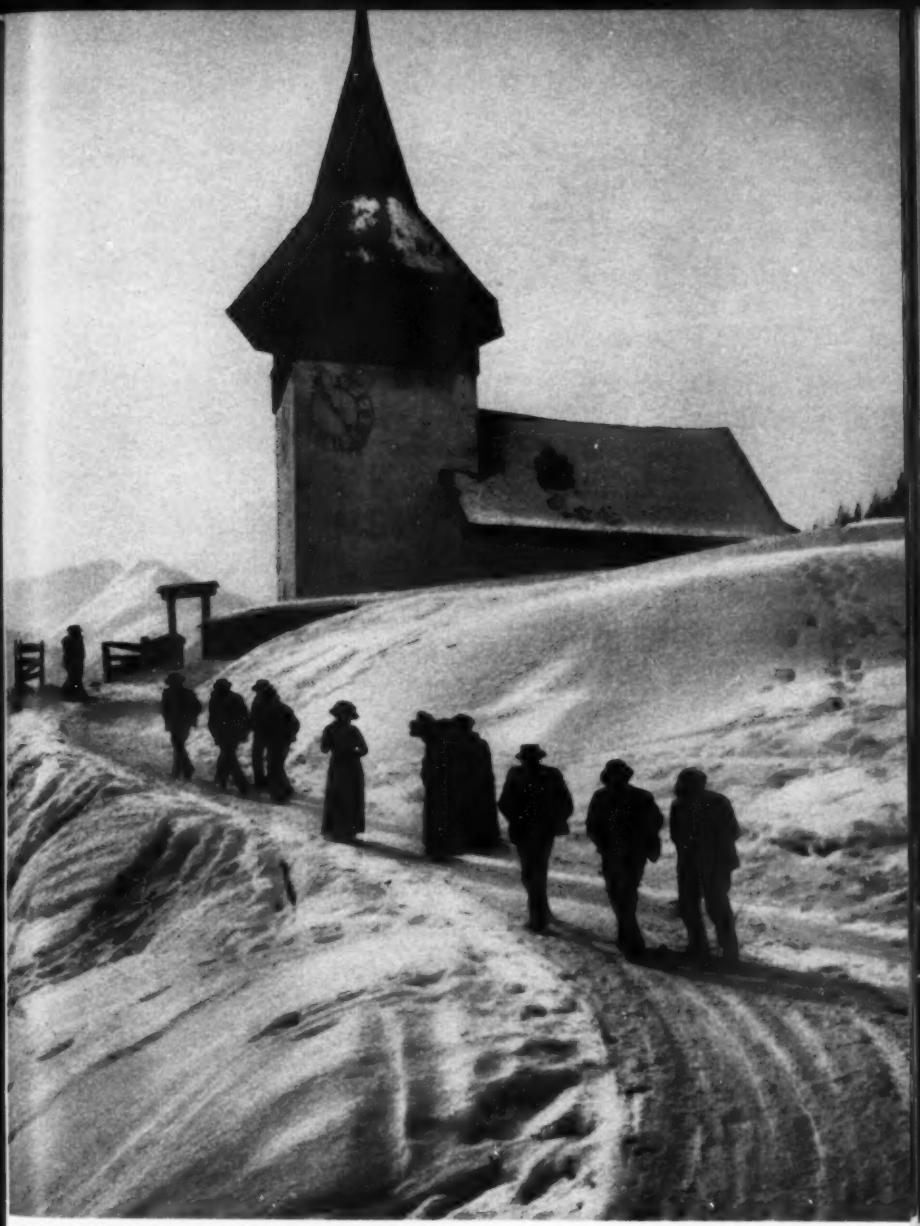




Meringue

ALBERT STEINER, ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

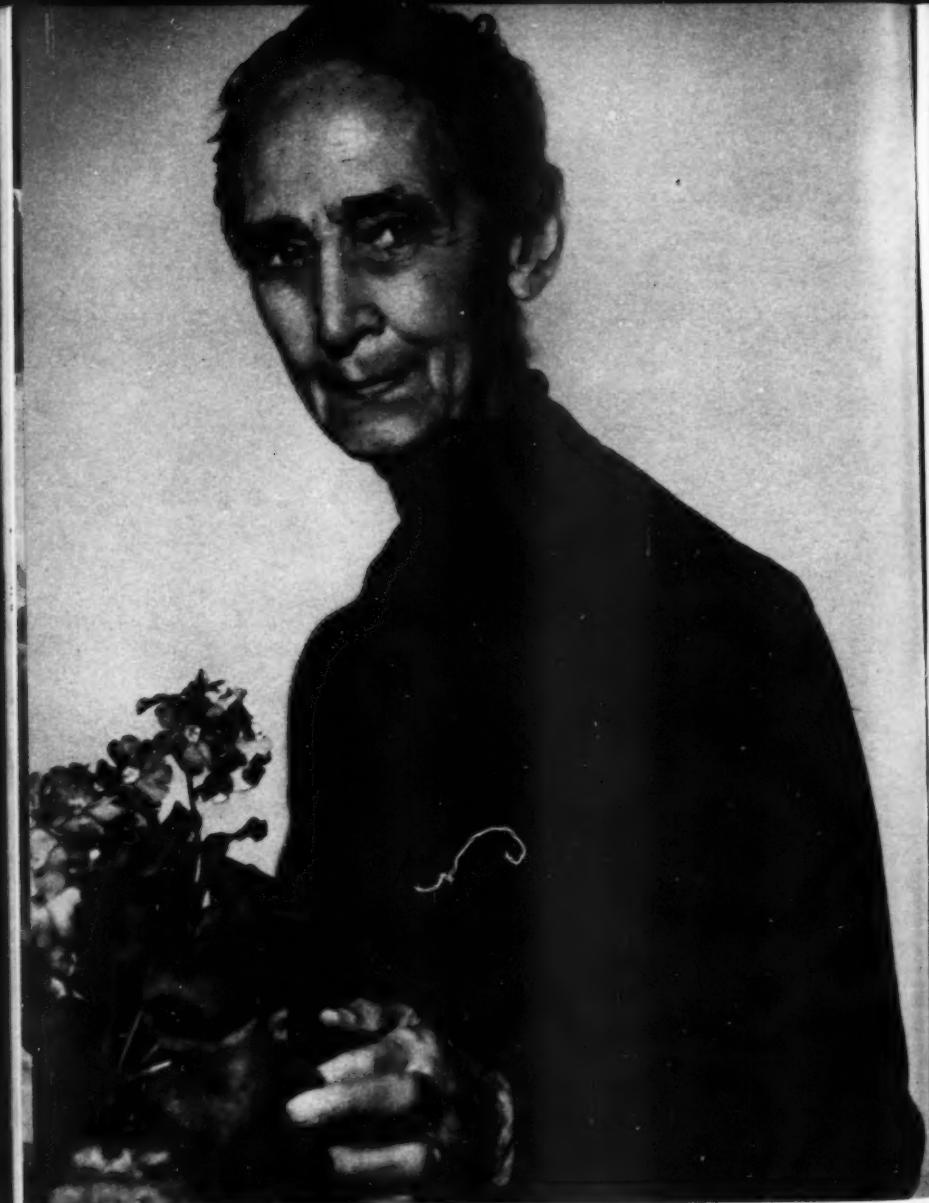
CORONET



ALBERT STEINER, ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

Anno Domini

DECEMBER, 1941



American Gothic

ALFRED MILOTTE, PUYALLUP, WASH.

CORONET



ERNST RATHENAU, NEW YORK

Incidental Chinese

DECEMBER, 1941



Minority Interest

KURT LUBINSKI, NEW YORK

CORONET



E. ROLFE FARBER, FROM PUBLIX

Bead

DECEMBER, 1941



Front Row Center

JOEL, FROM GRAPHIC HOUSE

CORONET



HOUSE

DALE VINCENT, PORT ANGELES, WASH.

Boety

DECEMBER, 1941



Home from the Range

HEIN CORMY, NEW YORK

CORONET

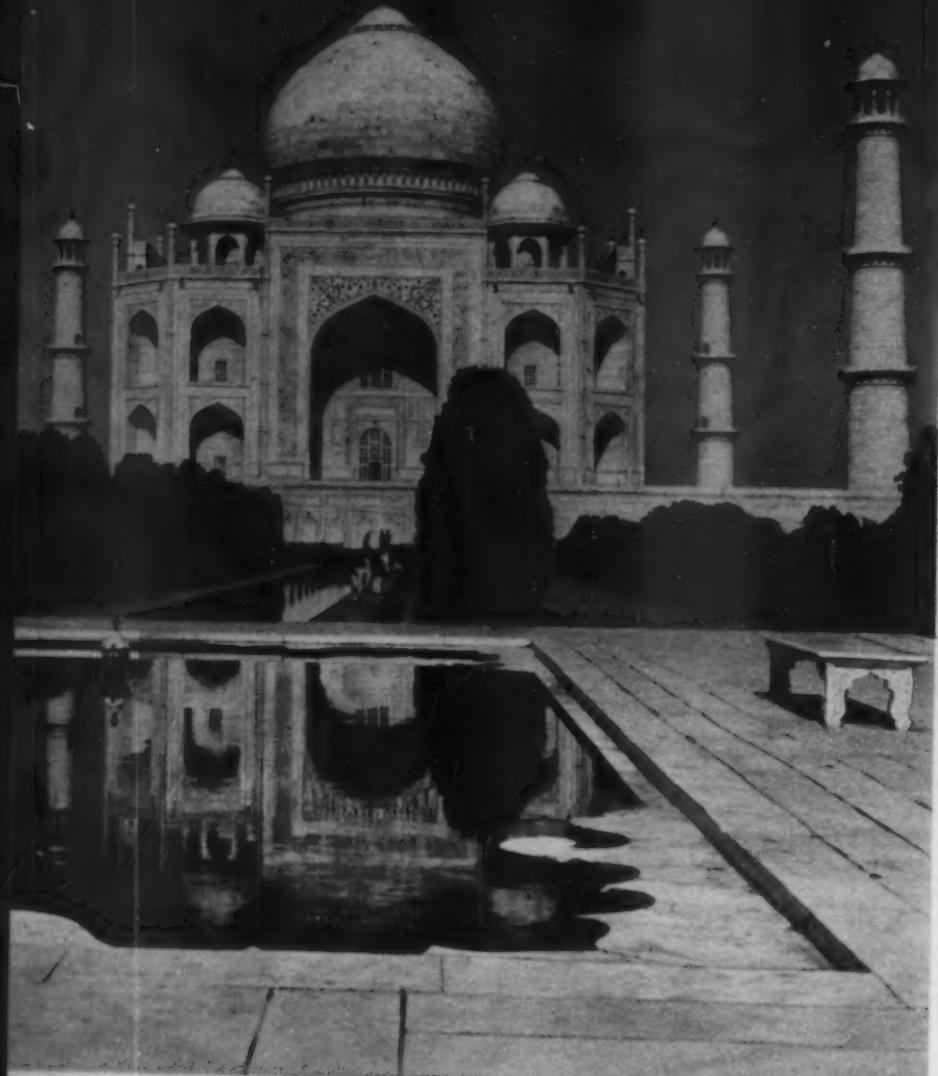
80



WILLIAM EYmann, FROM THREE LIONS

Collaboration

DECEMBER, 1941



Ancient Wonder

FRITZ HENLE, FROM PUBlix

CORONET



X
ERNST RATHENAU, NEW YORK

On the Road to Singapore

DECEMBER, 1941



Suspended Animation

PAUL BERG, CHICAGO

CORONET

84



GO JOE CLARK, DETROIT

Love's Old Sweet Song

DECEMBER, 1941



Prospector

ANDRÉ STEINER, PARIS

CORONET



KONRAD CRAMER, FROM EUROPEAN

Nerve Center

DECEMBER, 1941



Quintet

TORKEL KORLING, CHICAGO

CORONET

92



HUGO GORSKI, FROM PUBlix

Apprentice

DECEMBER, 1941



Winterset

ALBERT STEINER, ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

CORONET



FROM MONKMEYER

Frappé

DECEMBER, 1941



Elephant Boy

JAMES SNYDER, NEW YORK

CORONET



ERWIN BLUMENFELD, PARIS *

Snare

DECEMBER, 1941



Silent Night

CARL A. TAYLOR, NORFOLK, NEBRASKA

CORONET

98

The Game of International I.Q. Espionage would be a far simpler profession, entailing much less risk—except for one fact: Spies within any given country must remain constantly in touch with one another. There are many ways of doing so—of which the following is particularly clever. Can you spot it?

The Case of the Frightened Barmaid

by RICHARD WILMER ROWAN



HE WAS A THIN, sniffty little man, this newcomer.

"Brandy and soda," he demanded tartly, as one sure that the service will be bad even before he samples it.

He wore a seedy bowler hat, an oversize greatcoat with collar turned up, a bright green knitted scarf and galoshes. As the one other loitering customer had remarked to the blond barmaid: "Looks like he'd come to do his bit at Arctic explorin'—"

Served with his drink, the little man sipped critically, staring about with the air of a keen inspector of British pubs.

Now he put down his glass. "Why didn't you pour my drink from one of those *new* bottles there?"

"Those, sir?" said the barmaid, indicating several polished cognac bottles on shelves beneath a flamboyant wall advertisement. She laughed,

though not offensively. "Sir, they're empties. My boss, 'e just keeps 'em there for a kind of ornament—"

"Empty!" The little man was horrified. "When glass is wanted for His Majesty's war industries?"

"My boss likes 'em. What 'ave I got to say about it?" the barmaid answered. "If you must complain, sir—why complain to 'im—"

"I might complain of your impertinence, my girl. I asked you a civil question."

"You asked what really ain't none o' your business, if you don't mind me mentionin' it—"

The other customer in the pub was stirring uneasily.

"Look here," said the little inquisitor. "Strikes me something's a bit thick here. Somehow those bar glasses and your *empty* bottles, they don't look *English* to me!" He pronounced his terrible indictment challengingly.

The young woman's flushed counte-

nance changed to a stricken pallor.

"I'd like a word with your employer. Where is he?"

"Not 'ere. 'E's gone up to Lunnon—sent me a telegram—"

The other customer suddenly interrupted. He too suffered a change.

"Chuck it, you—finish your drink and go—" he told the busybody.

"I say! You're most rude."

"You've talked quite enough," said the ex-lounger, with hints of a habit of authority. "You've spoiled a lot of hard work with your interference."

The barmaid turned a deathly gray.

"Leave everything exactly as it is," the stranger told the girl. "Get your hat and coat. We're closing up here."

"So you're a detective in disguise?" piped the lingering busybody. "Lucky thing I showed you what's going on."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," the other returned. "Your good work merely helps the enemy. This is Tuesday. And you've just spoiled the best spy-trap we've had in weeks."

The busybody gasped. The barmaid spoke. "Why don't you go after 'im in Lunnon? He beat me, so—"

"We know," said the arresting officer. "We sent him to London—and you that wire. Come along. You'll be treated well if you behave."

Why had the British counter-espionage operatives believed they could use the pub as a "spy-trap"? (answer on page 140)

TRY OUR BEER PORT WHISKIES BRANDIES



Portfolio of Personalities



Press Barons

by JOHN PRITCHARD

• • • Publishers are the Neanderthals of the mid-20th century. In an age when most of the lusty pirates of early American industry have lost their fangs, the Press Barons still breathe fire and brimstone. They speak with the authentic Voice of Doom, and not Roosevelt nor all his minions can curb their proud spirit. No suave public relations counsel can shake their righteous wrath; no Congressional inquisitor can profane the sacred robes of their Goddess, the Freedom of the Press.

Few publishers—and they are marked men—ever tamper with the actual news in their papers. But whatever his paper may print, no publisher is ever neutral in any controversy. If no controversy exists he will go out and start one.

The best fight in the world is a fight between two newspaper publishers. The next best thing is a pitched battle by a group of publishers against some outsider. Possibly the epic combat of them all has been that waged by a battalion of Press Barons against the New Deal. Warriors without number, on each side, have suffered grievous wounds. But the end is not yet.

Who are the Press Barons—these all-important moulders of public opinion? In the pages that follow, five of their legion will step out from behind their mastheads that you may meet them—not as heads of newspapers which influence our thought—but as men.

nance changed to a stricken pallor.

"I'd like a word with your employer. Where is he?"

"Not 'ere. 'E's gone up to Lunnon — sent me a telegram—"

The other customer suddenly interrupted. He too suffered a change.

"Chuck it, you—finish your drink and go—" he told the busybody.

"I say! You're most rude."

"You've talked quite enough," said the ex-lounger, with hints of a habit of authority. "You've spoiled a lot of hard work with your interference."

The barmaid turned a deathly gray.

"Leave everything exactly as it is," the stranger told the girl. "Get your hat and coat. We're closing up here."

"So you're a detective in disguise?" piped the lingering busybody. "Lucky thing I showed you what's going on."

"Much obliged, I'm sure," the other returned. "Your good work merely helps the enemy. This is Tuesday. And you've just spoiled the best spy-trap we've had in weeks."

The busybody gasped. The barmaid spoke. "Why don't you go after 'im in Lunnon? He beat me, so—"

"We know," said the arresting officer. "We sent him to London—and you that wire. Come along. You'll be treated well if you behave."

Why had the British counter-espionage operatives believed they could use the pub as a "spy-trap"? (answer on page 140)

TRY OUR BEER PORT WHISKIES BRANDIES



Portfolio of Personalities



Press Barons

by JOHN PRITCHARD

• • • Publishers are the Neanderthals of the mid-20th century. In an age when most of the lusty pirates of early American industry have lost their fangs, the Press Barons still breathe fire and brimstone. They speak with the authentic Voice of Doom, and not Roosevelt nor all his minions can curb their proud spirit. No suave public relations counsel can shake their righteous wrath; no Congressional inquisitor can profane the sacred robes of their Goddess, the Freedom of the Press.

Few publishers—and they are marked men—ever tamper with the actual news in their papers. But whatever his paper may print, no publisher is ever neutral in any controversy. If no controversy exists he will go out and start one.

The best fight in the world is a fight between two newspaper publishers. The next best thing is a pitched battle by a group of publishers against some outsider. Possibly the epic combat of them all has been that waged by a battalion of Press Barons against the New Deal. Warriors without number, on each side, have suffered grievous wounds. But the end is not yet.

Who are the Press Barons—these all-important moulders of public opinion? In the pages that follow, five of their legion will step out from behind their mastheads that you may meet them—not as heads of newspapers which influence our thought—but as men.



Robert R. McCormick

The publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* has many unique distinctions.

The newspaper which he modestly calls "the world's greatest" has been voted by the Washington press corps as only a hair's breadth behind the Hearst press as the least fair and most unreliable in America.

His newspaper is one of the few to have had the distinction of being burned in the streets by its readers at the suggestion of one of the most distinguished of its former employees.

But McCormick has never given any visible sign that he is bothered by the will, either good or ill, of his fellow citizens. As a man of precaution, however, he keeps the Tribune Tower where his journal is printed always well-guarded by husky private police.

The phenomena of the Chicago *Tribune's* huge circulation and million-dollar income have sometimes puzzled outsiders who wonder how it can continue in the face of such fierce antagonism.

Shrewd analysts believe Andy Gump and company may be the answer. But probably a more realistic answer would point to the *Tribune's* monopoly of the morning field in a city of nearly four million persons, drawing thousands more of commuting suburbanites from the environs.

William Franklin Knox

William Franklin Knox is not a name known to the public. But that is how Colonel Frank Knox was christened.

Frank Knox rode with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill. He is riding with F. D. Roosevelt in this war. Previously, Harold Ickes had labeled him the "evening colonel" in distinction to the "morning colonel," Robert McCormick.

Knox came up in the newspaper business the hard way, starting out more than 40 years ago as a reporter for the Grand Rapids, Mich., *Herald*. He worked up to become owner of the Manchester, New Hampshire, *Union and Leader* which he still publishes in addition to the *Daily News*.

The Chicago *Daily News* is operated by Knox as the midwest equivalent of the New York *Times*. When he entered the Roosevelt cabinet, Knox technically severed connections with the paper, allowing it to continue in the hallowed Republican tradition and support of Willkie while he plugged for Roosevelt.

Because the *Daily News* was a great paper before he became its owner, Knox is sensitive about its management. But Melville Stone and Victor Lawson would be proud of him.

As Secretary of the Navy, Knox finds the toughest sledding among his own former colleagues—the Press Barons—who buck and squirm under his "voluntary" censorship restrictions.





Arthur Hays Sulzberger

Arthur Hays Sulzberger is not technically a Press Baron. At 50, he is a trustee of one of the great institutions of our time, *The New York Times*.

Eight years ago he took over from Adolph S. Ochs, his predecessor and father-in-law, the responsibility of publishing "all the news that's fit to print."

Serious, shy, retiring, Sulzberger sometimes feels his slender shoulders sagging under the burden of directing *The Times* in its chosen field of providing the richest and purest flow of news to be found in the world.

He avoids the limelight with as much assiduity as some of his fellow Press Barons seek it. His only concession to celebrity lies far from the beaten track of man. Down in Antarctica there is an indentation on the frozen coast called Arthur Sulzberger Bay. This is a present from Richard E. Byrd, in gratitude for *The Times'* support of his explorations.

On only two subjects is Sulzberger publicly articulate. One is Britain, which he supports with all the resources of *The Times*. The other is the American Newspaper Guild, which he regards as a threat to the freedom of the press and to his trusteeship.



William Randolph Hearst

Here is the Great Auk of the Press Barons, the authentic titan of the American newspaper industry. At 78 he still writes one of America's most lively daily columns.

Financial misfortune has swept the vast Hearst newspaper empire into the hands of the bankers, but the "chief" still bosses the editorial roost. Wires from his baronial retreat at San Simeon still dictate to editors.

Probably he has had more words written about him than any other publisher, living or dead. He was blamed for United States entry into the Spanish-American War, censured for urging the opposite in World War I.

Today, Hearst's opposition to interventionist policy has been no less stubborn than his opinions of 1917 which led to near riots and boycotts of the Hearst press for its alleged "pro-Germanism."

Hearst has hacked his mark deep on the culture of America. He gave the press the big black headlines and lavish use of photographs which make American journalism unique. He nurtured the comic strip from an ill-printed caricature to a full-bodied symbol of America. He made the "Sunday supplement" synonymous with legs, murder, diamonds, divorce and scandal in high life.

The name Hearst has been coupled with many adjectives; it is not likely that it will be soon forgotten.

Roy Wilson Howard

Roy Howard is the kind of man who counts as equally intimate friends, Yosuke Matsukata of Japan and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek of China. But his real buddy in the Far East is Manuel Quezon of the Philippines, who shares Howard's slight stature and tremendous energy.

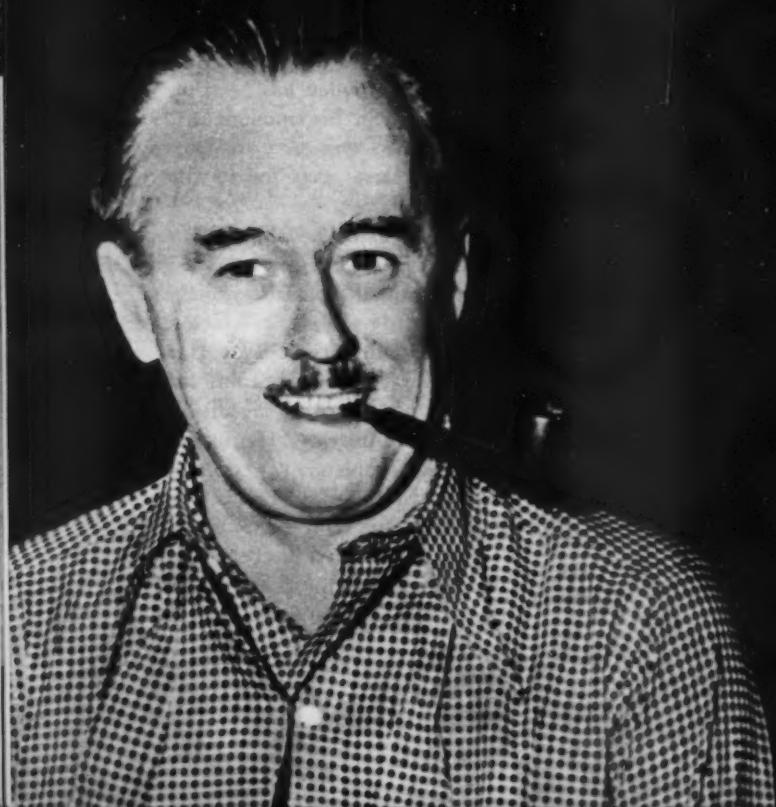
Fifty-eight years old, he passes in his Harlem haberdashery for a man of about 45. Strangers who do not know him are likely to mistake him for a spry vaudeville hoofer who has just made a killing at the races.

No longer content with reporting

the world's news in the 19 papers of the Scripps-Howard chain—led by the New York *World-Telegram*—Howard's chief ambition now is to sway those events.

He has long had some very strong ideas on how the Far Eastern troubles might be settled with honor, glory and good business profits for all.

He feels equally strongly about this war, and once had the idea of going over to talk to Beaverbrook, Hitler and Stalin about stopping it. The plan didn't pan out but, when peace comes, Howard will be ready to tell the statesmen of the new Versailles how best to carve the turkey.



This month Americans will spend two hundred million dollars for toys alone. But before you budget your share, heed the advice of America's King of Toyland



Merchants of Wonder

by TONY SARG

FOR AMERICA's toymakers, 1941 is the year for the books. Before the year is out they expect to dispose of some \$275,000,000 worth of toys, the largest amount in our history and probably more than the rest of the world combined. What's more, sixty to seventy per cent of this will be sold during the month of December alone.

The average American family will spend about nine dollars for toys this year. But what are they getting for their money?

Well, pretty much the sort of toys they got last year and the year before that and ten years—only this year they're getting more of them. Quantitatively, that is—not qualitatively. I still think the greater majority of our toys are weak in good taste and imagination.

You would naturally expect this to be a big year for war toys—and it is. But for good and sundry reasons, war toys will never compete in popu-

larity with the old staples of the toy business: dolls and doll accessories, which will account for some twenty-five per cent of the total 1941 toy sales; mechanical wind-up toys and games and wheel-goods and electric trains. These classifications account for seventy-five per cent of all toy sales in this country—year in and year out.

However, many war toys and games will be sold here, including toy soldiers, tanks, trucks, supply wagons, anti-aircraft guns, anti-tank guns, miniature forts and camouflaged field guns. And, of course, scale and working models of various British and American fighter planes.

You will probably find here that the most expensive and ingenious gun item of the lot is an anti-aircraft gun put out by Astra of England which fires wooden pellets and explodes caps at the same time. With its numerous elevation and turntable gadgets, it's a sturdy miniature and sells for nine-

teen dollars. You can pick up good miniature anti-aircraft searchlights for around ten dollars.



THE ANCIENT BATTLE centering around educational toys continues in the toy marts. The

educational toy is essentially an intelligence test for a youngster: usually it involves fixing blocks of odd shapes into their proper niches on a board or matching colors or sizes. This type of toy had a considerable vogue a few years ago but it has lost some of its popularity in the past two years, even among progressive parents.

The modern educational toy is the occupational and hobby toy. Given the necessary parts the boy has to build a working model of a boat, train or 'plane. These model sets have become extremely popular and really enable the youngster to get a good elementary grasp of the subject he's working on. In the past year miniature racing automobile construction sets have had a vogue but I suspect more adults are purchasing these than youngsters. The cheapest are about twenty-five dollars. Probably the most expensive construction set of any kind on the market is one that came out this year. With it you can build a flying, radio-controlled model airplane—one with a six-foot wingspread. About \$100 for the parts. Better save this "toy" for some young radio genius.

The wooden toy has long been a personal favorite of mine. I think they are better designed and cut than most of our other domestic toys. Until quite recently they had to be hand turned and as a result the better pieces were pretty steep for the average toy buyer. But now a new discovery in the field will reduce the cost of wooden toys tremendously. With this process a metal mold is made of a well-cut wooden toy. A plastic wood-composition material is pressed into the mold and many copies can be run off in this way. Since wood is not on the shortage list in defense materials I expect to see a tremendous boom in this field.

No longer available in the U.S. are the famous wooden Swiss and German toy cuckoo clocks. One enterprising American clock company (the Lux Clock Company) is now bringing out cuckoo clocks which are authentic and well done, although not quite as good as their European predecessors. But give them time.



I STILL CANNOT understand why no toy manufacturer has yet taken advantage of the free designs for new toy clocks offered them in the film "Pinocchio." You remember those fantastic time pieces that the old woodcarver had in his shop. Each one of them would make a wonderful piece for any playroom. Yet I don't

see any in the stores than even remotely display as much imagination in their execution.



THIS BUSINESS of imagination in the toy business has long been a pet peeve of mine. I don't think there's nearly enough of it in the toy business. I've argued this point with some of my friends in the field and I inevitably get this answer:

"There's nothing new in the toy business. Ninety-five per cent of the toys on the market are simply reincarnations of the playthings that were popular a generation ago—modernized to look new and up-to-date. Besides, toys have to be true to life. Once you go in for fantasy, you're distorting life—"

The business of toys duplicating in miniature real life is probably carried to its most fantastic length in the world of dolls. There are now on the market dolls which walk, talk (with the aid of a tiny, concealed phonograph in the mid-section), wet diapers, swallow liquids, hold things with their hands (with concealed magnets).

Latest contestant for honors in this field is a doll with a beating heart. Naturally a miniature stethoscope goes with the doll. There's only one thing left for a doll to do. Earlier this year, I'm told by rather unreliable sources, some young genius was trying to peddle a new doll to New York

manufacturers. If you pressed the doll's back a tiny baby doll would come forth from the mama doll. They told him he was 'way ahead of his time.

Today New York is the toy capital of the world. In the weeks before Christmas you can see the greatest selection of toys ever assembled.

Number one toy spot of New York —according to many — is F. A. O. Schwarz, on Fifth Avenue near 58th Street. Shopping here around Christmas time you are likely to be in the company of great society names, Hollywood stars and a few Roosevelts. Schwarz's 100,000 annual catalogs hardly go to mail order addresses.

Until recently Schwarz's was the only place in New York where you could obtain the most expensive toy item in modern history—the Trix train sets. These fantastically elaborate trains were made with the precision of jeweled watches by a German technician named Kahn—who is now in England and seemingly unable to get sufficient metal to continue the manufacture of these trains. A fairly complete set of Trix railroad equipment used to sell for \$3,000.



ON THE FLOOR at Schwarz's you will find \$300 playhouses, complete with miniature garages, next to a \$250 gasoline-powered car for a youngster on a large estate. And just a counter

away you're likely to find a fifty cent drawing set and a one dollar set of blocks. Democratic no end.

Schwarz's expects to sell about \$1,250,000 worth of toys this year—without the aid of a Santa Claus on the premises. The store has never had one.

Indeed, the favorite story around the place is of a mother, a Schwarz customer, who took her small boy to Macy's to see their Santa Claus. The plump, bewhiskered gent called this youngster, pulled him up on his lap and in his most benign fashion asked him what he'd like for Christmas.

Not at all fazed the youngster replied: "I don't know yet. We haven't received Schwarz's catalog."

Sometimes a youngster will insist on talking to the non-existent Schwarz Santa. In such emergencies one of the partners of the seventy-nine-year-old firm will lead the lad gently to a nearby dumbwaiter shaft and have the youngster shout down to Santa.

Santa's answer is, inevitably: "Sorry I can't see you, my boy. Much too busy working on your toys right now so that you'll have them in time." Meanwhile the lad hears a terrific clatter of hammers and saws and is properly impressed by Santa's diligence. A clerk with a deep, resonant voice is kept in the basement most of December just for this purpose.

Illustrator, puppeteer, textile designer and author . . . and the list of Tony Sarg's accomplishments is just begun. He was born in Guatemala, educated in Germany, and has traveled all over Europe and America. He is said to know more famous people than you can find in Who's Who, is not above caricaturing them for benefit of their laughter, his and yours.

—Suggestions for further reading:

PLAY AND TOYS IN NURSERY YEAR by Beatrix Tudor-Hart	\$2.00
The Viking Press, Inc., New York	
THE WISE CHOICE OF TOYS by Ethel Kawin	\$1.50
University of Chicago Press, Chicago	

HOW TO PLAY WITH YOUR CHILD
by Ruth Zechlin

\$2.00
B. Mussey, New York

Incorrigible

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, the English playwright, had a son who disgraced the good name of his father by riotous and immoral living. Sheridan, coming to the conclusion that the only way to reform the young rake would be to make him marry and settle down, wrote him a long epistle

which he ended: "it seems to me, my son, that it is time for you to take a wife."

Next day he received this answer:

"Dear Father: I shall comply with your wishes. Whose wife shall I take?

"Yr obedient son, Richard"
—CHARLES DERRICOTT

Not of Our Species

 Whether or not they possess a sixth sense, animals can still amaze the men who mastered them, as these well-authenticated stories show

• • • Naturalist Cherry Kearton spent months studying the five million penguins who inhabit a tiny island in the south Pacific.

Once while exploring a rocky part of the island, he discovered a tragedy. The penguins had dug so many burrows beneath a particular stone that the boulder had fallen and crushed a female who was sitting on her nest. Kearton buried the dead penguin, hoping that he could conceal the bird's death from its mate.

But in some strange way the male discovered the grave. He took a position beside the pile of rocks which covered his mate. Day after day he remained, without food or water. Not for an instant did he forsake his vigil. His squat figure stood black against the dawn and black against the sunset. For seven days this member of a

species that is a comic parody on human beings remained, head bowed, beside the pile of rocks.

Penguins mate for life, but there is no law of penguin instinct which prescribes a ritual after "death do thee part."



• • • A gorilla, named John, was purchased in 1918 at a London department store. The buyers were Major Rupert Penny and his friend, Miss Alyse Cunningham. A strange beginning to a story, but the denouement is stranger still.

For three years the gorilla lived in Miss Cunningham's home, slept in a bed, used ordinary bed clothes. He had complete freedom of the house.

He went to bed of his own accord. Often at night he would leave his room, walk down the hall and go to the bathroom. He invariably turned on the light before entering the bathroom and turned it off on leaving.

When he wanted a drink, he filled his tumbler from a faucet, turning off the water when he had finished. He ate with the family, never grabbing food, but waiting his turn. If he removed a book from a shelf or plaything from a table, he would always return it when asked to do so.

Once he was about to climb on to his mistress's lap, when Miss Cunningham's sister said, "Don't let him—he will spoil your dress." Having been balked in his intentions, John pondered a moment. Then he looked about the room, found a newspaper, spread it across Miss Cunningham's lap, and then sat on it.

And then, suddenly, in 1921, when John was five, the whole case disappeared from public print.

After the mastiff had had time to rest, the Scotty would start a hare from the field and chase it towards the woods. Both hare and dog would be tired out when they reached the trees. At this point, the mastiff, fresh from his rest, would leap forth and easily capture the hare.



• • • If a man solves a difficult mechanical problem, that is called reasoning. If a sea otter solves a difficult mechanical problem, that is called instinct.

O. J. Murie of the U. S. Biological Survey was observing a sea otter who was trying to crack a particularly tough shelled mollusk. It is natural for sea otters to eat mollusks whole and therefore they have no instinctive technique for cracking them.

However, this sea otter had an idea. He dived to the ocean floor and came up with a flat rock. Rolling on his back, floating in calm water, he placed the flat rock on his stomach. He then proceeded to hammer the mollusk on this improvised anvil until it was cracked.

The story might be a tall tale and nothing else—except that Murie's movie camera recorded the whole scene.

Readers are invited to contribute to "Not of Our Species." A payment of \$5 will be made for each item accepted. Address the Coronet Workshop, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.



• • • This is a story of two dogs, reported by the Rev. J. G. Wood of England. One of the dogs was a mastiff, the other a Scotch terrier. They were often observed going together to a certain point at the corner of a large field. Here the Scotty would remain, while the mastiff would take a roundabout route to a wooded area a mile away.

An electrifying answer to those who blame the airlines each time a new headline blares out with: "Air Crash Takes New Death Toll!"



Coroners of the Airways

by MARQUIS W. CHILDS

A MAJOR AIR CRASH always makes our blood boil. Why, we demand, isn't something done about it!

What few people realize, is that something is done—and done immediately. Hardly has the wreckage settled before the crash detectives of the Civil Aeronautics Administration and the Civil Aeronautics Board, are on hand.

Their task is to find the unknown *X* in a heap of smoldering ruins—the records of a flight that has ended in tragedy. The cracked cylinder, the pilot's error, the faulty navigation aid must be brought to light if possible. For each time these crash detectives find an answer it means a gain, large or small, for safety in the air.

As a matter of fact, the curve of air

safety, measured in passenger miles flown per number of fatal accidents, has moved steadily upward:

MILES FLOWN AND FATAL ACCIDENTS*

(Domestic, Foreign and Territorial Air Carriers)

Year	Total Miles Flown	No. Fatal Accidents	Miles Per Fatal Accident
1936	71,211,726	10	7,121,173
1937	74,700,237	6	12,450,040
1938	78,197,239	8	9,774,655
1939	90,976,063	3	30,325,354
1940	119,482,711	3	39,827,570

These figures tell the growth of air travel and along with it the growth

*Source: Civil Aeronautics Authority

of air safety. Much credit must go to the crash detective. The moment a disaster is thought to have occurred he is summoned. It may be in the middle of the night, or he may be in the midst of a family crisis. Nevertheless, he takes the first plane to the scene of the accident and goes to work.

The Civil Aeronautics Board has twenty-five investigators who are posted strategically in the seven regions into which the country is divided. They have all had sixteen years or more as pilots, designers or air safety engineers.

The Aeronautics Administration also maintains a staff of investigators, including such men as George Halde-mann who has flown since 1917.

Often, in the case of a major disaster, these men work in teams, examining every part of the damaged motor, every piece of the shattered cockpit. Any fragment that shows the least abnormality is subjected to thorough microscopic examination and detailed

laboratory tests. And that is not all.

They dissect the instruments of the plane, even though they may be hopelessly smashed, for some small clue. The flight records on the ground are checked and re-checked against the verbal testimony of those who kept

them. At a public hearing the crash detectives question every possible witness who might remotely contribute any scrap of information. Nothing is overlooked.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, the job they did on the disaster at Oklahoma City two years ago. When the flash came through that a Braniff Airways plane had crashed, two veterans were ordered to the scene by the Civil Aeronautics Board. One was Phil Salzman, who has been in aviation for twenty-two years. His partner was Robert Hoyt, assistant director of the Board's Bureau of Air Safety, and one of the first ten pursuit pilots trained by the Army Air Corps in 1917.

At 9:20 on March 25, 1939, Braniff Air-ways Trip One left the Chicago airport enroute for Dallas, Texas, with sched-
uled stops at Kansas
City, Wichita and
Oklahoma City. The
crew consisted of
Captain Claude H.
Seaton, with a total
of 9,060 hours flying
time; First Officer

What Would Happen If Rudolph Hess Talked?

... An adventure-packed new *streamlined novel* by Oscar Schisgall that will take you behind the scenes of British espionage into the heart of Nazi Germany. Don't miss it in the enlarged Coronet . . . beginning next month!

Malcom Wallace, with 4,500 hours; and Hostess Louise Zarr. There were nine passengers aboard.

The trip had proceeded normally from Chicago to Oklahoma City, leaving there at 2:45 a.m. The ground crew saw the trip take off in a normal

climb, but the plane had been up less than a minute when the operator in the airport control tower got the following message from First Officer Wallace: "Turn on the light OK City, we are coming in." There was a fearful racket in the engines that could be heard on the ground. At 2:48 the plane crashed near the west boundary of the airport. And two minutes later it was a burning inferno. The hostess and seven of the nine passengers were killed.

The crash detectives, Hoyt and Salzman, had a distinct advantage in that the crew survived and were able to tell what happened in the cockpit in those fatal three minutes from the time the ship left the ground to the moment of the crash. The problem is doubly difficult when the crash detective is confronted with nothing but a mass of wreckage.

EXAMINING every part of the two engines, the investigators soon found evidence to substantiate the Captain's testimony that the lower third of the engine cover had been ripped away. They found the Number Six cylinder was missing from the left engine. And so a search was made along the probable path that the plane took as it fell. The missing cylinder was found about 2,800 feet north of the north boundary of the airport and 850 feet west of the center line of the runway from which the plane had taken off. Nearby was a piece of the engine hood that had been blown away.

Now why had this happened? That was the next question for Hoyt and Salzman to solve.

They found that on the left engine all the bolts on the Number Six cylinder had broken off, and that the cylinder in parting from the engine had destroyed the piston and battered the connecting rod. The broken studs were put under a binocular microscope which disclosed evidence of progressive fatigue fractures in each stud. In other words, the fatal weakness had been developing over a considerable time ready for the moment of vital stress that occurred when the pilot put on all power for the takeoff.

The next step was to relate the current crime to past crimes, and this is just what investigators for the Safety Board did. They went to the evidence in four previous crashes and discovered clues that pointed to one and the same criminal. The failure of those cylinder bolts caused a blowout in the engine in each case.

The failure of one engine in a two-motored plane puts the pilot in a tough spot. One power plant alone must do the job with a delicate machine that is likely to go out of balance. And the evidence of Seaton and Wallace and the crews of those other crashed planes showed that the propeller of the broken engine continued to revolve, driven by the wind, thereby setting up a distracting and dangerous vibration. It went on revolving—windmilling is the technical word—because the only propeller con-

trol in the cockpit was for both engines and not one alone.

Not one of the planes that crashed following a cylinder break had been equipped with full-feathering propellers. Full-feathering means that the blades are set in the hub in such a way that each blade can be rotated to present a knife-edge to the air if the engine should quit. With these knife-edges presented, the wind cannot revolve or windmill the dead propeller.

Obviously, the first recommendation of the Board was that all planes not then equipped with full-feathering propellers be required within a reasonable time to install them. Second, because it had been shown that methods of fastening cylinders to crank cases in that model of engine were inadequate, the Board recommended a "substantial reduction" in engine power of commercial aircraft "in all cases where there was reason to believe that safe power limits were being exceeded for take-off, climb or cruising."

Third, and almost as important, the Board decreed the death penalty for a minor criminal turned up in the course of the investigation. One of the surviving passengers who suffered a broken arm testified that it had been

only with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to reach around with his good arm and unlatch his safety belt which, under a system then in use, fastened at the extreme right by the edge of the seat. There was reason to believe another passenger who was conscious when removed but died

later would have survived the wreck if only he had not taken so long to free himself. In view of this, the Board recommended that in the future all safety belts fasten in the middle, equally accessible to either hand in emergency.

Often these "coroners of the

airways" are confronted with seemingly insoluble riddles. On the evening of February 9, 1937, a United Airliner glided in a wide curve across San Francisco Bay toward the lights of San Francisco airport. Two miles out from the edge of the field the plane crashed into the dark waters of the bay, and eight passengers and a crew of three were killed.

The plane had been flying a schedule from Los Angeles to Oakland with a stop at San Francisco. Going back and reconstructing all the circumstances of the flight—the weather, the radio reports between plane and ground, the pilots, their age, health, experience, the motors, when and



how they were last overhauled, down to the smallest detail—revealed nothing at all. The crash would have to be written as an unsolved mystery.

About this time, another pilot found suddenly that his control stick had jammed. Looking down he saw his headphones, which had slipped off, wedged into a small open space where the stick came out of the floor of the cockpit. He jerked the earphones out and with the stick operating again righted the plane.

Acting on this experience, investigators went back to the wreck that had been hauled out of the San Francisco Bay and microscopically examined the base of the control column. There they found fragments of the pilot's microphone.

And so it was ordered that a canvas boot be placed over the opening at the bottom of control sticks, so there would no longer be any crevice into which earphones might fall.

AN EXAMPLE of the industry of the crash detectives is the 120-page report on the fatal crash near Salt Lake City early in the morning of November 4, 1940. A half dozen experts converged on the scene of this disaster as soon as word of it was flashed across the country. This is the story they pieced together:

Fourteen thousand feet above the Salt Lake airport, the Captain of United's Trip Sixteen from Oakland, California, was communicating with the dispatcher on the ground. They

were working out the landing that was to be made. "The stuff is broken out here much better," said the Captain, speaking of the cloud formation. That was the last word.

Six hours later Trip Sixteen was sighted from the air, crashed against the side of Bountiful Peak in the Wasatch Range. Rangers on mule-back found the broken bodies of seven passengers and three crew members in the scattered wreckage. What had happened in the cloudy darkness of that snowy morning over Salt Lake?

The crash detectives proceeded to reconstruct what was happening on the ground while the big plane hovered above the clouds with its freight of human lives. The Salt Lake radio range had been troublesome always, even after its modernization a year before. To keep it constantly under observation, Washington had established three radio test stations to check from hour to hour whether or not the beam had swung from its true course because of the effect of static.

Questioning employees in the three test stations brought out some rather startling evidence. One had found a deviation in the range but had waited more than an hour before calling on Airways Traffic Control to broadcast a warning to all airmen. Another had not even kept a monitor's log during the critical hour from five to six when Trip Sixteen was known to be missing.

Keyed to this was the testimony of other pilots who had come in on the Salt Lake radio range that same morn-

ing. Trips preceding Captain Fey reported no difficulty with the range. But pilots who came over Salt Lake at about the same time had trouble.

Putting all this together, the crash detectives concluded that the north leg of the range had swung toward the east and the Wasatch Mountains. It had swung so far that it was worse than useless to Captain Fey.

A whole series of recommendations grew out of the investigation. Communications personnel should be better trained, and their pay should be increased in an effort to reduce the rapid turnover. Thorough study and possible revision of the system for testing the radio range was urged.

But, as one set of hazards is eliminated, another set crops up. The crash detective cannot ever relax. Knowing out of years of experience how much depends on human judg-

ment, he is not astonished when the disaster flash comes. He is likely to remind you that with an adventurous people safety progress comes slowly.

After all, it took nearly seventy-five years to eliminate the wooden coach from the railways of the nation.

Marquis W. Childs once flew from Toulouse into Valencia, during the civil war in Spain, in a shaky Air France plane at which Fascists had been taking pot shots. But for sheer danger, he puts that second to his experience with a county fair barnstormer in an ancient World War crate back in his home town in Iowa. All of which may explain his interest in the problem of air safety. Washington correspondent for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, he lives in Maryland, with his wife and their two children.

—Suggestions for further reading:

YOUR FUTURE IS IN THE AIR

by P. P. Willis \$2.00
Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York

ARE YOU FIT TO BE A PILOT?

by Stanley Washburn, Jr. and Dr. Ermin L. Ray \$1.75
Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York

The Big Attraction

APPEARING on the concert podium in a provincial French town, Liszt found a handful of spectators, about fifty, gathered to hear his playing. Instead of sitting down at the piano, he advanced to the footlights:

"*Messieurs et madame* (there was only one woman present), instead of listening to my tedious playing, would you do me the honor of adjourning to the

nearest restaurant and having dinner with me?"

The startled music lovers held a brief conclave, then enthusiastically accepted. Liszt treated them to a banquet that cost him twelve thousand francs.

Next morning the box-office was mobbed, and in the evening, when Liszt appeared to give his second concert, the hall was overflowing.

—L. C. THANY

A French child with a toy balloon—a fisherman off Norway—a peg-legged Belgian beggar—all play roles in the new Commonwealth of Espionage



Europe's Secret Armies

by CURT RIESS

STRANGE THINGS have been happening during the last six months in all the occupied territories of Europe, and they go on happening day after day, night after night. A sudden fire in the vicinity of a German air base in France becomes a brilliant target for R.A.F. bombers. A derailed train carrying hundreds of German tanks in Czechoslovakia falls helpless prey to a band of guerillas.

In Poland a secret radio station nightly guides the R.A.F. In Holland a secret society, "The Beggars," executes sentence upon traitors to the Dutch cause. In Czechoslovakia a munitions factory is blown up . . . in Jugoslavia . . . in Norway . . .

Some people may tell you it started out of nothing, out of thin air. As it started twenty-five years ago in Belgium, when the German High Command found out that the Allies knew a good deal more about what was going on in occupied Belgium than was healthy for the Germans. It

found out that espionage was being practiced on an extremely large scale—practiced by women, children, old men and cripples.

And that is what is going on today, only on a much larger scale. This time, however, there is a definite plan behind it all. The idea of what may be called the commonwealth of espionage was born in March, 1938, when Hitler marched into Prague.

ON THAT DAY a Czechoslovakian airplane arrived at Croydon with eleven officers of the Czechoslovak Secret Service. They had taken off only an hour or so before the Nazis entered Prague, flown across Germany. They brought with them documents and files which, in the hands of the Gestapo, would have meant sudden death to hundreds, thousands of people in Czechoslovakia. And would have meant that certain men who wanted to transmit news from inside Czechoslovakia, would never have

been able to do their work.

There were several conferences during 1938 and 1939 between the Czech officers and some gentlemen of a bureau called B-4, head office of the British Secret Service. The purpose of the conferences was to convince the men of B-4 that in case of war, the Czechoslovaks could be organized to relay important information.

Nor were the Czechs the only ones.

Two days after the armistice between France and Germany was signed, and even before Marshal Pétain saw fit to arrest Georges Mandel, two French officers arrived in London bringing with them all of Mandel's private files. Georges Mandel, the former secretary of Clemenceau, distrusting the official French police and espionage system, had organized a private espionage system all his own. And those files contained the names of French patriots who were eager to continue their work against the enemy by informing those on the outside about what was going on inside France.

An apparatus which could make use of such offers already existed. The foundation for this apparatus of wholesale espionage was, strangely enough, the MEW—the Ministry of Economic Warfare—which had been established to cut off Germany from her supplies. In order to do so it was necessary to extend the blockade—right into the offices of export companies—into the heart of countries where Nazi agents operated.

And it was then that the MEW found out that it had hundreds, thousands of agents for the asking. Countless business men all over the world who had traded for the British Empire were only too willing to give valuable information, not only about where and how goods were brought to Germany, but also where they were distributed within Germany; that is, by what railroads, by what waterways, to which factories and warehouses.

LET'S SEE, then, what forces the British Secret Service had at its disposal to begin with:

1. A small group of excellent secret service agents planted in such places as the Hotel Baur-au-Lac in Zurich, the Avenida Palace in Lisbon, the Hotel Arletti in Algiers and in numerous towns in Germany and Austria.

2. The officials of the MEW and their friends and connections all over the world.

3. The former agents of the Czechoslovakian Secret Service.

4. The former agents of Georges Mandel.

This was the framework, the skeleton. Ways were devised to get information over as safely as possible. There was the possibility of direct communication via messengers. Of semi-direct communication by helping British agents on the Continent to get out, or to get their material out. And there was radio.

The British beyond doubt were greatly surprised—though probably

not so surprised as the Germans—when the peoples of the occupied territories went a step further than espionage. That is, from espionage to sabotage; and from sabotage to guerrilla warfare. To be sure, the Nazis had no illusions about their popularity with the people of the invaded countries. They had expected hate and *passive* resistance. But they thought the Gestapo would take care of that.

The Nazis have apparently forgotten that the more territory they take, the more vulnerable they are. No longer can they keep their activities secret. What should be a secret is shared now by millions of people whose fierce hatred of Naziism drives them to risk their lives in exploits such as these:

Airplanes fly over Holland. A man drops from a plane; a parachute blooms open. Slowly the parachute sinks down. A German guard hurries to the spot where it landed. When he arrives he finds three Dutch peasants. One of them is without a jacket, one without a shirt, the third is without shoes or trousers. No, they insist, they saw no parachute descending . . .

Three German officers stop an automobile on the Champs Elysees. They order the driver to take them to a certain place in the Paris suburbs.

A plane is standing ready, guarded by German soldiers. The officers get in and take off. Half an hour later the German guards learn that they have allowed three British agents to escape.

Concealed radio transmitters in Holland inform the R.A.F. of troop concentrations, ammunition dumps and camouflaged airfields.

In Belgium ten soldiers are attacked at night in a dark street and beaten to death. Their bodies are found the next morning, stripped. English agents are now wearing those uniforms.

Young Frenchmen hike through France during the night. They want to get to England, to De Gaulle. A few of them obtain a German "E"-boat and hurtle across the Channel, their flight covered by British planes.

In Brittany the Nazi authorities abandoned their practice of requisitioning a certain number of houses for their officers and men and forcing the inhabitants to leave within a few hours. The R.A.F. seemed to have an uncanny knowledge of where those houses were situated. The Germans finally adopted the resort of quartering their men with French families; they were safer that way.

In Belgium the Germans arrested six priests who had helped British agents escape across the Channel in small boats.

During the raid on the Lofotens,

the British caught between ten and twenty ships. They must have had some very accurate information.

In Berck-sur-mer, in Northern France, forty British parachutists descended. They were awaited by French sympathizers and British agents and taken to a nearby airport where they disposed of the few guards and destroyed thirty machines, took forty prisoners and recrossed the Channel again in motor torpedo boats which were waiting along the coast.

I could give hundreds, even thousands of examples. But the important thing is to show that this fight against the Nazis does not stop for one hour, not for one minute. It is a supreme irony that the very Nazis who invaded innocent and harmless countries with the help of fifth-columnists are now

being hampered, tormented and almost driven mad by fifth-columnists—a fifth column of patriots.

Of course all this would be nothing but daring deeds if it were not for the British Secret Service.

Later, much later, when the story of this war is written, it may be told what the agents of the British Secret Service have accomplished in keeping contact with those volunteers of espionage all over Europe.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

SPY AND COUNTERSPY
by Emanuel Victor Voska
and Will Irwin \$2.75
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York

TERROR IN OUR TIME
by Richard Wilmer Rowan \$3.00
Longmans, Green & Company, New York

TOTAL ESPIONAGE
by Curt Riess \$2.75
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

**James
Pollard**



Recalling a scene from a bygone age, *Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow* might well represent Christmas that used to be. James Pollard and his father, Robert Pollard, through the prints they painted and published, have left a vivid history of a quaint and gay era in British history—the Coaching era. It had already given way to the era of the steam engine when James died, in 1867.

**Thomas
Hart
Benton**

“Ring out the old; ring in . . .” Treatment and technique may be new, but Thomas Hart Benton, stormy petrel of modern American art, takes his subject from Christmas tradition. Benton was born in Neosho, Mo., lived in Paris for a while and then New York; thinks Missouri is best for painting and teaching. His pictures sell from \$900 to \$12,000.



Penned by James Pollard.

London. Published Sep 22, 1826 by J. Wilson, 1, New Street.

Engraved by G. Rocca.

THE MAIL COACH IN A DRIFT OF SNOW.



The Christmas Tree by Thomas Benton

COURTESY OF ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS GALLERIES, NEW YORK

Carleton Smith's Corner



A report from a strictly neutral observer on who is doing what in the realm of the very lively arts

Coronets:

. . . To Rabindranath Tagore: great artist, who lived, dreamed and worked that the twain shall meet . . . to Orson Welles for *The Magnificent Ambersons*: another magnificent film gesture in the right direction . . . to Pierre Van Paassen's essay in contemporary history *That Day Alone*: another mystical and penetrating search for "the righteous."

To Don-the-Beachcomber for abolishing all check-room tipping and inviting guests to contribute, instead, to China, Britain and the blind . . . to Robert Faherty's powerful, hot-blooded novel with mangrove roots: *Big Old Sun* . . . to Elsie Houston for her latest Victor album: authentic, valuable Latin Americana . . . to

Hospitality Houses for service men, now in operation around the country: there should be a dozen near every camp.

No-Hums:

. . . To Kay Kyser: Eddie Guest with a trumpet . . . to Hollywood gags about Bing Crosby's horses . . . to winter-sport "finger-painting" — a phony art at your finger tips.

Thorns:

. . . To state legislators for allowing overcrowded, unsanitary insane asylums: mere "animal-houses" . . . to Christmas card designers who've taken Christ out of Christmas . . . to gold-diggers who've gone in for aluminum . . . to Americans whose in-

terest in National Defense is personal . . . to *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*: ham, hokum and balderdash resulting in a pompous nightmare two hours too long . . . to gin-rummy: intellectual pee-wee golf . . . to Stork Club generals who should be on the battlefield.

Statistics Show:

• • • News broadcasts interest oldsters more than youngsters . . . *Gone With the Wind* is in its ninety-second week in London's West End . . . Mexico City has fifty public libraries, 198 newspapers and magazines . . . Mickey Rooney draws more at the box-office than any star, past or present, not excepting Valentino, Will Rogers, Shirley Temple or Chaplin . . . One baby in 5,000 is born with teeth . . . More calling-cards are dog-eared in Washington weekly than in all other American cities.

Believe Me:

• • • The dead are the best advisers . . . Hope is the dream of a man awake . . . Dollar-A-Year men receive bi-monthly checks for sixteen cents . . . Passion holds up the bottom of the universe. Genius paints its roof . . . In wartime, truth is the first casualty.

South Americana:

• • • Most beautiful girls live in Santa Cruz, tropical province of Bolivia . . . Because it retains its ancient character, Mexico is the most admired country on this hemisphere . . . Politics is an over-developed pas-

time . . . World's most beautiful city is Rio . . . Latins are indifferent to social and problem dramas, wouldn't walk across street to see Bette Davis, prefer Hedy Lamarr.

Strictly Incidental:

• • • To avoid possible irritation of Latin Americans, movie producers are resorting to "mythical kingdoms" . . . American girls will shortly revert to the old Pilgrim custom of wearing sandpaper inside each knee to counterfeit rustle of silk . . . Joan Crawford may be cast as Mme. Chiang-Kai-Shek . . . Hollywood hangover cure: a goat's milk brandy punch.

Told he was getting a double chin, John Barrymore replied, "Yes, the profile was so successful, I decided to expand it" . . . Nut House, popular London night spot, thirty-two feet underground, is never quiet enough that one can hear a bomb drop.

Filming the evacuation of Dunkirk in *A Yank in the R. A. F.* required twenty-seven days; the actual British retreat, only 24 . . . Incas practiced Communism successfully for several centuries . . . Movie industry, dissatisfied with Gallup's poll, is taking its own . . . Hitler himself edits all official communications because he cannot trust any other German not to tell the truth now and then.

Newest Hollywood perfume smells like marshmallows . . . Alaskan weather in Dorothy Lamour's latest film, *Angel in Furs*, has definitely consigned her sarong to the icebox.

Fiction Feature:



*It was a long chance,
Meg knew—but all the
future Christmases
at home were at stake*

The Christmas Apple

by MARGUERITE EYSEN

MEG AWOKE with a feeling of strangeness, and her eyes traveled sleepily around the room as she tried to place herself. She knew the white dimity valance around the maple four-poster, the ruffled curtains, the old desk and dressing table, the flowered carpet; knew them as she knew little else in the world. This was her old room at home. She was home again. Why, of course! Home for Christmas. But what was strange about that?

Beside her in the bed there was a stir, and, wide awake now, she chuckled. The strange element in that girlish room was a man in the bed beside her. Under the virginal white bedspread, lay for the first time six goodlooking feet of Book Eaton. She wasn't the Margaret Mallon of that room anymore; not since last June. She was Mrs. Book Travers Eaton; one of the Eatons of Pittsburgh, Watch Hill and Palm Beach. Imagine it!

Quite happy in that fact, she turned in the bed and ran a tickling finger down the fine straight line of Book's nose. He opened one eye tentatively.

"Time to get up," said Meg. "You've got apples to polish today."

Book rolled over on his back, stretched luxuriously, slipped an arm around Meg's neck. "What

is this apple thing, anyhow?" he yawned.

Meg pushed the crisp forelock back from his forehead.

"The Mallons," she told him loftily, "are a family with traditions!"

"No!" said Book. "And skeletons?"

Her eyes clouded, and Book be-thought himself instantly.

"I'm sorry, Meg," he said, "I'd forgotten. We Eatons don't know what traditions are. How's to borrow one?"

"Well, once upon a time," obliged Meg generously, "it was 1932 in the year of Our Lord."

"You go back, you Mallons, don't you?" said Book.

"There was a girl," said Meg inexorably. "Her name was Margaret Mallon. She was thirteen. She had a big brother. His name was Bill. She had another big brother. His name was Tim. Bill was in his last year at college. Tim was in his first. They were simply swell, she thought."

"Why, I know those birds!" remembered Book. "They'll do."

"She had parents, too."

"That washes up my in-laws, does it?" asked Book hopefully.

"Her father had a lumber mill, but nobody wanted any lumber in 1932."

"The last thing I thought of myself!" said Book.

"Her father had eight men working in the mill. Everything was swell until he ran out of money to pay them."

"Common custom then," said Book.

"But the men had families, too. Her mother said her father could mortgage the house to meet the pay-roll and he did. This house!"

"My mother-in-law grows on me!"

"Then the mortgage money was gone. Her mother said her father could borrow on his insurance."

"I'll say you have traditions!" conceded Book.

"But then it was Christmas, and the Mallons were close to the carpet, remember. So-o-o-o, each Mallon polished a big red apple for every other Mallon; and the apples meant that the Mallons had each other, anyhow, and that, they could still tell the world, was something!"

"Check!" said Book.

"Well, then her big brother, Bill, finished school and he went to work in New York. He married Eleanor Hyland, who was very pretty and very good. We all loved her lots. We still do."

Meg's voice wavered, and she caught her lip between her teeth. Book turned to look at her in the bed, tightening his arm around her neck.

"I thought we were going to forget about Eleanor and Bill until after Christmas," he said gently.

"All right," said Meg, swallowing. "Her other brother Tim graduated too, and went to work in New York. Then," said Meg pointing at herself, "this girl, Margaret Mallon, married

her roommate's brother. That makes him a Mallon, and every Christmas each Mallon still polishes an apple for every other Mallon."

"And what kind of a fellow is this girl's husband?" asked Book, all ears.

"A little on the lazy side! With apples to polish, he lies abed."

She slipped from within the circle of Book's arm, out of bed and into the slippers and woolly blue robe. Book regarded her with dark suspicion.

"Leaving me for a handsomer man, I'll bet!" he said.

"Every bit as handsome, anyhow!" admitted Meg shamelessly.

SHE OPENED the door to Tim's room across the hall. It was just the same as ever, too. There were Tim's school pictures, his ship models, his battered desk. Flakes of snow drifted through the wide-flung window. It would be a white Christmas tomorrow.

Meg shut the window, and Tim's head came out from under the covers, hair tousled, one rallying eye open.

"Now if you'll just draw my bath and lay out my clothes," he suggested.

Meg curled up on the foot of his bed, the extra blanket around her.

"Got my apple polished?"

"You get no apple from me this year," he decided. "Leaving me for that big lug across the hall—"

With one quick move, she smothered him under a pillow.

"For that scholar and gentleman," amended Tim, "that hero of heroes, that handsome—" She let him up.

"But I still say he got the best of the bargain," concluded Tim of his sister.

"Tim," said Meg flushing, "what is this thing about Eleanor and Bill?"

Tim's grey eyes were cagey. "What makes you think there's anything?"

"Well, they're not coming home for Christmas the way they always have, and—Tim, I saw what the columnist said in the paper about how the Bill Mallons had phfft, and how Bill's new heart interest was Amy Lucas."

Tim lay back on the pillow and looked out at the falling snow. "I was afraid you'd see it," he said.

"But who is this—this Amy Lucas?"

"Well, she came to New York, and some friend wrote Eleanor to look out for her."

"Is she pretty?"

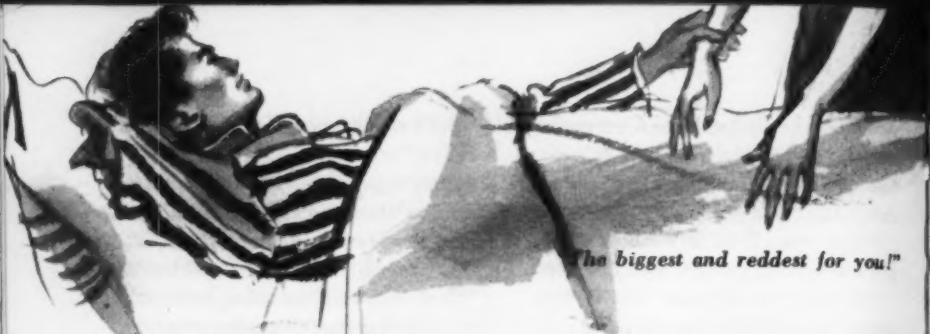
"I've heard it said that she is," said Tim shortly.

"Eleanor and Bill!" winced Meg. "Why, they're made for each other, and how could Bill ever—"

"I don't think it was anything

With one quick move she smothered him under a pillow.





"he biggest and reddest for you!"

much at first," said Tim hurriedly. "Eleanor went South with her mother, you know, and for a while Bill was extra man at dinners and all for—for this woman. Then—maybe he did lose his head. I don't know. That's a pretty gay crowd around them. All I know is that when Eleanor came home, she went to her mother's house, and Bill is alone in the apartment."

"He could come home for Christmas, couldn't he?"

"Not very well, Meg. Not without Eleanor. He doesn't want Mom and Dad to know until after Christmas."

"Tim," said Meg desperately, "can't we do something? We can't just let them slip away like that!"

Tim shook his head.

"This thing is between Eleanor and Bill," he said firmly. "One move from any of us might just tear things. Mum's the word, Meg, and no tears, either. Promise?"

"Not—not just between the—the two of us?" asked Meg as the tears brimmed over.

"Well, one or two maybe," conceded Tim gently, "but get it over."

She got it over, that cry on Tim's shoulder for which her eyes had ached.

Then she helped herself to some of his shaving talcum on his bureau with special attention around her eyes. She left him still looking out the window at the snow. Pattering down the hall, she tapped at Mom and Dad's door.

She perched on the edge of Dad's bed, her hand in his. Mom was propped up on her pillows, making out her grocery list. Across her shoulders was the lavender bed jacket Eleanor had knit for her last Christmas. They were getting on, these precious two; there was no shutting eyes upon that fact. But there was still something rugged about Dad's big frame. Mom's cheeks were pink. Her hair was in two soft white braids over either shoulder. Her eyes were young, anyhow, and still unafraid. She looked up from her list, and Meg saw the blue circles under her eyes that gave Mom away; she had been awake this long time!

"I do worry about Bill," she admitted. "He's working too hard. I know it. He and Eleanor have always come home for Christmas."

"Bill's done mighty well, Mother," said Dad quickly. "A man's work comes first, you know."

"Bill didn't say he might be able to

make it when he wrote you, did he?" Mom asked Meg casually.

"No," said Meg truthfully, "he said only that he couldn't make it this year on account of business. Doesn't anybody in this family but Bill Mallon add up to a darn, let me ask you? Aren't the Book Eatons and their brother, Tim, welcome?"

Hot rebellion raged in her heart as Dad squeezed her hand, and Mom said, "Welcome? Sometimes I think I live all year for—for just one day." They were so stanch, these two; so dear. They had come through so much, and with colors flying. They had every right in the world to look forward to these last years with serenity in all they'd wrought.

IN HER OWN room, Book still lay abed comfortably at odds with his maidenly surroundings. He looked at Meg with defiance.

"I'd be up and doing," he said, "but I matched with that lug across the hall for first go at the bathroom, and he won." He drew her down on the bed beside him.

"Shucks, I haven't got so many apples to polish," he told her. "Just Mother and Dad Mallon and Tim."

"None for me?" asked Meg.

He appeared to debate the matter with himself, and Meg seized the wayward forelock threateningly.

"The biggest and reddest for you!" said Book, his eyes warming.

Her arms locked tightly around his neck, Meg suddenly shivered.

"That—that's what Bill always said to Eleanor," she told him.

"I thought we were going to forget about them until after Christmas," said Book gently.

"I'm going to polish their apples the same ~~as~~ always—just in case," said Meg, "and you hold on too, will you?"

He held her off from him then while he searched her face.

"Are you just hoping against hope, Meg," he asked her gravely, "or are you up to something?"

"I—I'm just trying to think."

Book shook his head.

"This thing is between Eleanor and Bill," he said. "One word either way from anybody else would be rather on the cheeky side, wouldn't it?"

Breakfast, in spite of Berga's griddle cakes and maple syrup, was a sorry forecast. Mom and Dad seemed absorbed in their own thoughts. They argued about plans for the day. Meg said she couldn't possibly go to market with Tim and Book to select the tree.

"You will too go!" said Book. "Any tree we select will be too tall or too short."

"That's right," Tim encouraged him. "Just put your foot down."

"Mom!" appealed Meg.

"You'll have to settle it among yourselves," said Mom absently. "Eleanor and Bill always chose the tree, you know, and trimmed it. And we didn't have any quarreling."

"All right, I'll go," said Meg.

They left Mom up to her elbows in

a big yellow bowl, absorbed with Berga in the turkey and last minute baking. From the kitchen came whiffs of herbs and spices. Outside, the snow fell softly, weighing down the branches of trees. In windows and on doors were gaily tied wreaths. But they walked in silence, the three of them.

"Two's company and three's a crowd," said Meg at the corner drug store, and she turned abruptly in.

Mr. Slocum, the druggist, was a neat little man bent on keeping himself well informed.

"Everybody home for Christmas, Margaret?" he asked, leaning against the counter.

"Everybody but Eleanor and Bill," smiled Meg.

"Now that's too bad!" said Mr. Slocum, pursing his lips. "Your Dad's giving everybody at the mill a twenty pound turkey, I understand. It don't seem right his own turkey should go begging. Sickness at Bill's house?"

"No, just the—the press of business," said Meg.

"Well, business is business."

"Mr. Slocum," said Meg confidentially, "I'm planning a little surprise for Mother, and I want to telephone to New York. Is it all right with you if I use your phone?"

"Right back there, Margaret."

Getting a hold of Pen Scovil at ten o'clock in the morning would be about as easy as giving the President of the United States an informal ring before breakfast. But finally Pen's voice, blurred with sleep, came to her over the whirring wire.

There was a pregnant silence at the other end, as Meg spoke breathlessly into the telephone. Then Pen said, "But apples, of all things, Meg!"

"Apples," said Meg firmly, "and the red shiny kind."

"My dear," reproved Pen, "you've never seen apple-polishing until you've seen mine. No card, is that right?"

"Strictly anonymous, Pen."

"White tissue and big red bows?"

"Yes. And thanks, Pen."

Meg's hand shook as she hung up the receiver. The apples were like pushing in the last stack of chips; if they worked, it was no more than a temporary breach in the line, this rift between Eleanor and Bill. And if, for the sake of affronted pride and new heart interests, Eleanor and Bill could turn their backs upon that symbol of their heritage, Christmas at home would never again be the same.

Well, ten o'clock in the morning. New York was only six hours away. Eleanor and Bill could even make it



They were getting on, those two

for dinner tonight. Afterward, it would be Eleanor, as always who, atop the kitchen ladder, hung the ornaments on the tree as Meg and Bill and Tim—and now Book!—handed them to her. It would be Bill who hung the star again at the very top while Eleanor steadied the ladder.

"Families don't just crumble away," Meg told herself doggedly as she trudged home through the snow.

IN THE KITCHEN at home, Berga was on the ladder now, handing down the best dishes from the top cupboard shelves while Mom washed and shined them at the sink. Berga, said Mom, as Meg picked up a tea towel, might just as well be about the upstairs work; and when Berga had gone, Mom shut the door behind her.

"Did you know," she asked Meg, "that Mary Revell is home again? She and Peter are getting a divorce."

"Mary and Pete!" gasped Meg. "Why, what on earth—"

"I don't know," said Mom worriedly as she reached for the cups. "I don't understand these things. In my day, we married and took care of our families and made ends meet and—and kept our bargain. Sometimes lately, I—I get frightened, Meg!"

"Frightened, Mom! You?"

It came out then a little jerkily as Mom dried her hands.

"You know that man, Meg, who writes in the paper about—about all kinds of people in New York?"

"Mom!" said Meg, scandalized.

"Don't tell me you read the *Tattler!*!"

"Ever since he wrote once about Eleanor and one of her parties, I do," said Mom. "Dad and I always look to see if she's there again maybe and what she wore and all. Only—only one night, Dad was reading the paper, and he threw it in the fire before I'd even seen it. I was thinking about it just—just last night."

"Darling," scolded Meg, "somebody said something against the Republicans in that paper, I'll bet. You know how mad he gets at that."

"But it's only six hours from New York," Mom sighed.

"If Bill can see his way clear to come, he'll be here," insisted Meg smoothly.

There were only the five of them for dinner on Christmas Eve, though, and Mom decided against putting the extra leaves in the table.

"Maybe we'll be a little crowded," she said, "but there'll be no gaps."

Dinner was ever so gay with heated arguments between Book and Tim about privilege in the family.

"Berga likes me best anyhow," boasted Book. "Don't you, Berga?"

"Not when she raised me from a pup, she doesn't!" said Tim.

"I was always just the least mite partial to Mister Bill," said Berga, the diplomat, disappearing through the kitchen door.

"That man again!" sighed Book.

"What's he got that I haven't got, Berga?" Tim wanted to know.

"You haven't got any nice wife like



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT GREENHALGH

him," Berga told Tim loftily.

"Maybe Eleanor and Bill will call up tonight," said Mom. "We can hear their voices at least."

"Don't count on it, Mother," said Dad. "Not with all the boy has on his mind these days."

AFTER DINNER Meg slipped upstairs to get her bearings. Alone in the dark of her old room, she stood at the window looking down the street. The Christmas lights had come on at doorways and windows, twinkling bravely through the snow. High above roof tops were the shining outlines of the lighted cross on the steeple of St. James'. In that one block, Mary and Pete Revell were calling it quits, and Eleanor and Bill . . .

The door of her room opened, and Book came in. Seeing her outlined against the window in the street light, he felt his way across the room to drop an arm around her shoulders and to look out across the town with her. Something of her own dejection emanated from him as they stood there together. Their arms tightened

*There in the doorway stood
Eleanor, her eyes alight,
and behind her loomed Bill.*

around each other not so much in young exuberance as in faltering faith in the world around them.

"Christmas used to be different, Book," said Meg.

"Hang it all, I had a sneaking idea all along that Eleanor and Bill might just make it, but I don't think they will now, do you?"

"No, not now," said Meg.

"Tim sent me up to ask you about the tree."

"Yes, the tree," said Meg.

SHE STOOD on the kitchen ladder in Eleanor's place as Tim and Book handed her the tree ornaments. Dad sat in his chair by the fire. In her chair on the other side, Mom bent over her knitting. Tim and Book argued long and wordily about the placement of each glittering gaily colored ball; and under cover of the argument, Tim slipped the star to Meg. She read his thoughts as their eyes met: they would avoid that little moment at the end when the tree was trimmed and the star went up as the clock struck twelve, when legend said that even the beasts of the field were given speech to commune one with the other. Meg laid the star obstinately on the top of the ladder.

"Hand me the angel, Book."

"It's broken," said Book. "It ap-

pears to have only one good wing left."

"Bill dropped it the Christmas he was fifteen and Tim was eleven and Meg was six," remembered Mom wistfully.

"Just another tradition," said Meg loftily, and as she said it, the door opened.

There in the doorway stood Eleanor, melting snow glinting on her furs, her eyes alight. Behind her loomed Bill. He was thin. His face was white and drawn.

Mom's ball of yarn shot across the floor as she rose unsteadily.

"Bill!" she said tremulously, "Oh, Bill, you're here!"

Bill's arms went around her. The white head went down on his broad shoulder to hide joyous tears as he held her close. Over Mom's shoulder Bill's eyes followed Eleanor.

"How are you, Dad?" said Eleanor happily as she raised her cheek for his kiss.

"Fine!" beamed Dad, patting her shoulder with a none too steady hand. "Just—just right, my dear."

"Here, Bill," said Meg weakly, her



knees wobbling on the ladder, "you're the one that hangs the star."

THE STAR WAS hung and shone softly down upon the darkened room in the flickering light of the dying fire. Meg, who had drawn the longest straw entitling her to lay her gifts last under the tree for the morning's unwrapping, shut the door upon the pungent scent of pine and applewood to tiptoe up the stairs and down the hall to Tim's room. Tim was loosening his tie in front of the mirror, and his expression was strictly poker.

"Tim," said Meg uneasily, "did Bill say—anything?"

"Uh huh," said Tim casually. "He told me something to tell you and for you to tell Book. He said he dreaded to go back to the apartment, so he worked late at the office. But when he did go back, he found that Eleanor had sent him an—an apple. He made it to her house in nothing flat, but she'd been trying to get him on the phone. He asked her about—about coming home with him for Christmas, and she said all right."

As Meg stood there confused in the warm glow that comes from having taken a long shot and having seen it hit the mark, Tim turned.

"But what if he finds out that Eleanor didn't send the apple?" he asked her worriedly.

"How do you know

she didn't?" asked Meg, her heart skipping a beat.

Tim's expression was half sheepish and half complacent.

"Because I did," he said, "and one to Eleanor too."

Meg's eyes flew wide as the full force of it struck her, and little things began to piece themselves together.

"You sent—when?" she gasped.

"When Book and I went for the tree. He left me to get some cigarettes, and I—"

"Book left *you*?"

"Sure. Said he wanted—"

"Don't worry," interrupted Meg, her hand on the doorknob. "Something tells me they already know."

Across the hall, Book was already asleep, at peace with his world. Meg shook him, and he sat up.

"Book," she said sternly, "somebody sent anonymous apples to Eleanor and Bill. Was it you?"

There was something sheepish and something smug in Book's eyes as they came to focus upon her.

"Listen," he said grimly, "I'm putting my foot down here and now. Don't you dare give me away!"

Meg dropped weakly to the edge of the bed and held her cheek against his as she whispered, "Merry Christmas!"

"Same to you," said Book as his arms went around her tightly. "But don't cry about it!"



Your Other Life



*The idea that we live two lives is as old as man.
These well-authenticated tales from the world
of dreams raise the question, "Which is reality?"*

* * * In 1852, Captain George C. Yount, noted California pioneer and trail blazer, had a vivid dream in which he saw a party of emigrants snowbound in a mountainous region. The snow was so deep that only the tops of the trees could be seen. Every detail of the landscape was clear. Yount could even distinguish the men's features.

The following day Yount recounted the dream to a friend. The friend, an old hunter, immediately recognized the setting of the dream as the Carson Valley Pass. This verification so impressed Yount that, unconcerned by the loud laughter of his friends, he organized a rescue party and rode in haste to the Pass. There he found the party of emigrants exactly as in the dream, except that several had died during the intervening days.

In 1858 Horace Bushnell printed the story, adding that he had been told by a widely known Californian: "You need have no doubt of this story; for we in California all know the facts and the names of the families brought in, who now look upon our venerable friend as a kind of savior."



* * * Bitter wind surged across Manhattan Island on a fall night in 1865. Henry Armitt Brown, later a well-known lawyer, was then studying law in New York. That particular night his dream life was filled with a most unpleasant scene.

While walking down a dark street, he was attacked by a thick-set man in a flannel shirt and rough trousers. The

man's hair was uncombed and he had a two-day-old beard. After some moments, the man succeeded in overpowering Brown, and was about to strike him with a hatchet, when two of Brown's friends suddenly appeared. However, the ruffian managed to drive the hatchet into Brown's head before his friends could interfere.

The next day Brown encountered the two friends who, in his dream, had tried unsuccessfully to save his life. Before he could mention the nightmare, his friends recounted dreams they had had the night before. In every particular, even to the thug's dress and the fact that he was unshaven, the three dreams agreed.

A scene had been enacted in which each of the three participants had played his own part and had observed

the action from his own point of view. The only problem was that the incident had never occurred.



• • • It was Shelley's first visit to a certain pastoral scene near Oxford. As he walked, the poet talked with his friends, discussing the day's pleasures. Suddenly he noticed a peculiar woodland vista. He swayed and, according to his friends, almost fainted.

On recovering he explained that he had beheld the scene, down to the last detail, the night before in a dream. There was, he declared, no possibility that he had ever in his waking life seen that queer little combination of trees, rocks and meadow.

Solution to Spy Case on Pages 99-100

The enemy agent—proprietor of the obscure pub in a remote corner of England—was signaling in English and in clear: REPORT WEDS.

Counting all bottles and glasses on each shelf shows thirty in all, and there are thirty letters in the six words of the innocent looking advertising sign above the wall shelves.

First shelf, the glasses pick out the word, thus:

tRy our bEer PORT

Second shelf, the enemy agent reversed his trick, the four bottles picking out:

WhiskiEs branDieS

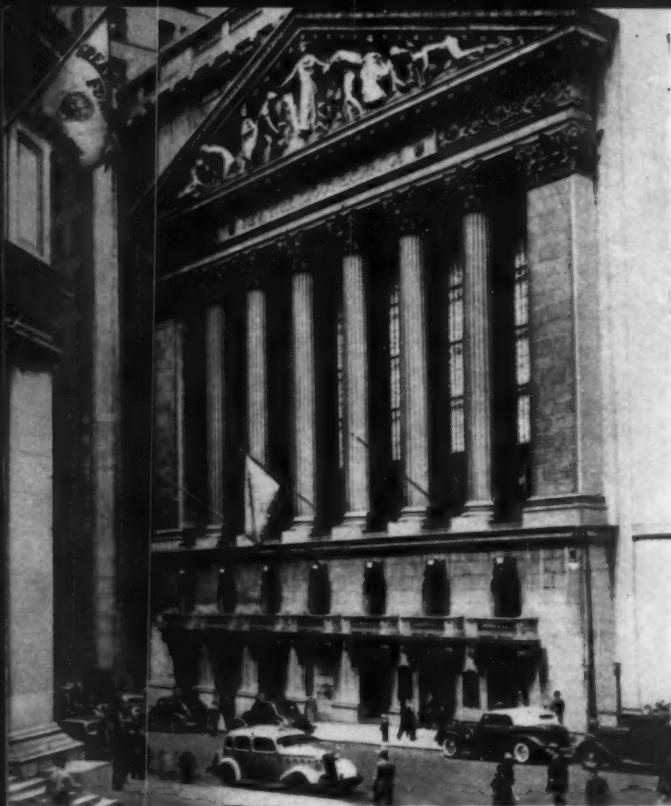
By his glass-bottle-sign code trick, the agent warned his confederates to have their reports ready Wednesday. The waiting British counter-espionage operative projected his deepest disgust in the cryptic remark: "This is Tuesday." With the enemy "letter box" drawn up to London by a ruse, and the barmaid unaware that the pub was under close surveillance, British counter-spies had believed that the very next day would see them bag one or more dangerous spies.



The Coronet Game Book Section

*A miscellany of games and quizzes
especially prepared to add fun and
zest to your Christmas family reunion*

"I Saw It With My Own Eyes"	142
The Face of America	143
What Do They Want for Christmas?	145
Through Whose Courtesy?	149
New Tricks for Parlor Gymnasts	153
A Fortune in Cards	155



"I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

MAGICIANS have proved the hand to be quicker than the eye. Now here is a test to determine whether your memory is also quicker than your power of vision. You are asked to study the above picture for exactly one minute, noting just as many specific details as possible. Then turn to

page 144 and see how many of the questions listed there—all based on the above picture—you can answer from memory. A score of seven correct answers can be considered good. Nine or ten right is unusual. Check yourself by comparing your answers to this picture. You have sixty seconds!



*"God Bless America!" we sing . . . but
how many of us know well her lakes
and mountains, her stretches of land?*

The Face of America

IF THERE'S an eighth grader in the family you want to impress, better not take this test when he's around. Chances are, with history and geography lessons fresh in his mind, he'll show you up.

All of us talk a lot these days about the defense of our country, but probably there are few of us who know

all we should about its physical aspects. Could you, for instance, draw a map of the United States, and place all the states correctly? We're not asking you to do anything that hard, but the bonus question doesn't miss it by much. If you answer it correctly, give yourself 25 points; the rest count three each. Answers on page 148.

1. Which is the youngest state in the Union?
2. Which is New England's only inland state?
3. In what state is the Grand Canyon located?
4. What is the lowest stretch of land in the U. S.?
5. What is the largest state (in area) east of the Mississippi?
6. Which is the greatest wheat state in the Union?
7. Which city is considered the second most important seaport in the U. S.?
8. Name the longest river in the U.S.
9. In what state are the Adirondack mountains located?
10. Which state has a longer coastline—California or Florida?
11. Name the Great Lakes in west-to-east order.
12. Name the five states that border on the Gulf of Mexico.
13. Which state is the farthest north?
14. In what state is Yosemite National Park located?
15. True or false—Yellowstone National Park is as large as the state of Rhode Island.
16. What is the highest mountain in the Continental U. S.?

17. Which state in the Union is largest in area? smallest in area?
18. What is the capital of Massachusetts? Nevada? New Hampshire?
19. Which state has the smallest population?
20. What state is known as Blue Grass state? the Keystone State? the Wolverine State?
21. In what state is Mt. Rushmore located?
22. In which state is the geographical center of the U. S.?
23. Does continental United States, compared in size with other countries of the world, rank as Third largest? Largest? or Fifth largest?
24. Name the states that border the Pacific.
25. Name the largest natural lake in the U.S. (excluding Great Lakes). *Bonus question:* In ten minutes, name the 48 states.



Questions for "I Saw It with My Own Eyes"

(Do not read these questions until you have finished studying the photograph on page 142.)

1. The building pictured is the
 - (a) Greek Embassy in Washington
 - (b) New York Stock Exchange
 - (c) Continental Bank in Chicago
2. The pedestrians are dressed for
 - (a) mid-winter
 - (b) rainy weather
 - (c) spring
3. As I recall, the building has
 - (a) more columns than balconies
 - (b) more balconies than columns
 - (c) the same number of each
4. Apparently parking is permitted
 - (a) on both sides of this street
 - (b) on only one side
 - (c) on neither side of the street
5. Visible vehicles include
 - (a) private and public vehicles
 - (b) public vehicles only
 - (c) private vehicles only
6. I distinctly saw
 - (a) two American flags
 - (b) one American flag
 - (c) no American flag
7. Three flag poles jut out from
 - (a) the edges of the balconies
 - (b) the bases of the pillars
 - (c) the tops of the pillars
8. The sculptured fresco on the building features a woman
 - (a) with outstretched arms
 - (b) on a white horse
 - (c) with arms uplifted in prayer
9. Pedestrians obviously include
 - (a) more men than women
 - (b) more women than men
 - (c) about the same of each
10. In the lower left hand corner
 - (a) a bus is approaching
 - (b) a bus is departing
 - (c) there is no bus



*Here's a rare opportunity to hand out
Yuletide largesse—your only expense
some entertaining mental gymnastics*

What Do They Want for Christmas?

YOU UNDOUBTEDLY know what *you* want for Christmas, but what about the other fellow? What, for example, would Robert Ripley want—a four-legged calf, a boy-faced dog or perhaps a pure-blooded Arabian steed?

Since he specializes in oddities, Mr. Ripley would probably select a boy-faced dog.

And that, in essence, is the idea of this quiz. You are given the names of fifty famous individuals of fact or fiction. In juxtaposition with each name are three objects, one of which he might be expected to prefer to the other two.

Count two points for each correct answer as listed on page 152. A fair score is 62 or more; 72 is good; while any score above 82 is excellent.

1. Priscilla
 - (a) Miles Standish
 - (b) John Alden
 - (c) John Smith
2. Samuel Snead
 - (a) Touchdown
 - (b) Grand Slam
 - (c) Eagle
3. Socrates
 - (a) Antidote
 - (b) Sedative
 - (c) Antiseptic
4. Richard III
 - (a) Borzoi
 - (b) Osprey
 - (c) Horse
5. Faust
 - (a) Youth
 - (b) Power
 - (c) Prestige

6. Orson Welles
 (a) Croix de Guerre
 (b) "Oscar"
 (c) Davis Cup
7. Edgar Bergen
 (a) Depilatory
 (b) Linament
 (c) Hair tonic
8. George Bernard Shaw
 (a) Vegetable dinner
 (b) Tartar sandwich
 (c) Chicken chow mein
9. Carrie Nation
 (a) Genetics
 (b) Prohibition
 (c) Vivisection
10. Diogenes
 (a) Prestidigitator
 (b) Physician
 (c) Honest man
11. Robert Feller
 (a) Fielder's choice
 (b) Pitchout
 (c) Shutout
12. Ponce de Leon
 (a) Passageway
 (b) Fountain
 (c) Mesa
13. Clarence Streit
 (a) Secession
 (b) Economic Nationalism
 (c) Union Now
14. Raymond Ditmars
 (a) Airacobra
 (b) Puff Adder
 (c) Copra
15. Heifetz
 (a) Guarnerius
- (b) Mason and Hamlin
 (c) Solovox
16. Alexander the Great
 (a) Weltschmerz
 (b) More worlds
 (c) Peace
17. Javert
 (a) Jan Valtin
 (b) Jean Valjean
 (c) Count of Monte Cristo
18. Ulysses S. Grant
 (a) One case of whiskey
 (b) Two cases of sarsaparilla
 (c) Three gallons of milk
19. Jason
 (a) Golden apple
 (b) Glass slipper
 (c) Golden fleece
20. Cato
 (a) Brundisium rebuilt
 (b) Carthage destroyed
 (c) Rome modernized
21. Sir Galahad
 (a) The Golden Mean
 (b) The Holy Grail
 (c) Resurrection
22. Pirandello's "Six Characters"
 (a) Correspondent
 (b) Justice of the peace
 (c) Author
23. George Washington
 (a) Dental plate
 (b) Glass eye
 (c) Ear trumpet
24. Salome
 (a) Wing
 (b) Gizzard
 (c) Head

25. Demosthenes
 (a) Celerity
 (b) Puissance
 (c) Fluency
26. Eleanor Roosevelt
 (a) Nessus' shirt
 (b) Seven-league boots
 (c) Magic Flute
27. Citizen Kane
 (a) Sled
 (b) Bicycle
 (c) Roller skates
28. Tytl and Mytl
 (a) Nightingale
 (b) Peacock
 (c) Bluebird
29. Bob Zuppke
 (a) Tom Harmon
 (b) Carl Hubbell
 (c) Donald Budge
30. Margaret Mitchell
 (a) Best seller
 (b) Pirouette
 (c) One-man show
31. The Seven Dwarfs
 (a) Choirmaster
 (b) Pedagogue
 (c) Housekeeper
32. Icarus
 (a) Parachute
 (b) Shield
 (c) Compass
33. Leland Stowe
 (a) Doctorate
 (b) Thompson Trophy
 (c) Newsbeat
34. Krishnamirti
 (a) Nirvana
- (b) Euthanasia
 (c) Valhalla
35. Nathan Hale
 (a) Ivory tower
 (b) More lives
 (c) Reinforcements
36. Captain Ahab
 (a) Moby Dick
 (b) Black Beauty
 (c) Cleo
37. Mrs. Bennet
 (a) Charity cases
 (b) Sons-in-law
 (c) Poets laureate
38. Peter Stuyvesant
 (a) Gold tooth
 (b) Monocle
 (c) Peg leg
39. Archimedes
 (a) A home of his own
 (b) A place to stand
 (c) A public forum
40. Pizarro
 (a) Room full of gold
 (b) Ton of ivory
 (c) Ton of ambergris
41. President Roosevelt
 (a) Picasso painting
 (b) Shakespeare Folio
 (c) Blue "Cape of Good Hope"
42. Minotaur
 (a) Human sacrifice
 (b) Fatted calf
 (c) Incense
43. Sir Thomas Lipton
 (a) Ryder Cup
 (b) America's Cup
 (c) Critics' Circle award

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|
| 44. William Jennings Bryan | (b) Strength through Joy |
| (a) Cross of gold | (c) United front |
| (b) Fiat money | 48. John Brown |
| (c) Free Silver | (a) Coalition |
| 45. Cyrano de Bergerac | (b) States' Rights |
| (a) Roxanne | (c) Abolition |
| (b) Rosamunde | 49. Annie Oakley |
| (c) Rosinante | (a) Spinet |
| 46. Thomas Riley Marshall | (b) Bullseye |
| (a) Lame Duck amendment | (c) Coup de grace |
| (b) A good 5-cent nickel | 50. Stanley |
| (c) A good 5-cent cigar | (a) Billy the Kid |
| 47. Neville Chamberlain | (b) Amundsen |
| (a) Peace in our time | (c) Livingstone |



Answers to "The Face of America"

1. Arizona; 2. Vermont; 3. Arizona; 4. Death Valley; 5. Georgia.
 6. Kansas; 7. Baltimore; 8. Missouri; 9. New York; 10. Florida.
 11. Lake Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, Ontario; 12. Texas,
 Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida; 13. Minnesota; 14. California;
 15. True.

16. Mt. Whitney; 17. Texas, Rhode Island; 18. Salem, Carson
 City, Concord; 19. Nevada; 20. Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Michigan.
 21. South Dakota; 22. Kansas; 23. Soviet Russia, China, Can-
 ada and Brazil are larger; 24. California, Oregon, Washington;
 25. Great Salt Lake, Utah.

Bonus question:

Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut,
 Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kan-
 sas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michi-
 gan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Ne-
 vada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York,
 North Carolina, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Penn-
 sylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee,
 Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia,
 Wisconsin, Wyoming.



*Probably you've heard their names
many evenings seated by your radio,
but that doesn't mean you'll remember.*

Through Whose Courtesy?

YOUR SCORE on this quiz very likely will be an unpleasant surprise, especially if you're an ardent radio fan and pride yourself on knowing who's back of the big shows. But if, when you count up the tally, your face is a little bit red, think what shade the faces of the advertisers who pay for the shows would be!

Here's a suggestion to pep up a party: ask your guests if they can identify the sponsors of their favorite programs; start them speculating on

how many they can name—then pop these questions!

Probably they will find it interesting to study their scores in the light of the discussion that went on before.

Incidentally, what is just an entertaining parlor game to you and your friends is serious business among the men at the advertising agencies. They call it "research"—and spend thousands of dollars every year to find out the results of these and similar tests.

You'll find answers on page 154.

1. Information Please

- (a) Canada Dry
- (b) Lucky Strike
- (c) Camels

2. Fred Allen

- (a) Texaco
- (b) Ipana and Sal-Hepatica
- (c) Noxzema

3. Burns and Allen

- (a) Robert Burns Cigars
- (b) Hormel's Spam
- (c) Lever Brothers' Swan Soap

4. Quiz Kids

- (a) Bromo Seltzer
- (b) Alka Seltzer
- (c) Wrigley's Gum

5. Bing Crosby
 (a) Brillo
 (b) B. V. D.
 (c) Kraft Cheese
6. Rudy Vallee
 (a) Sealtest
 (b) Lifesavers
 (c) Philip Morris
7. Bob Hope
 (a) Gruen Watch
 (b) Western Union
 (c) Pepsodent
8. Jack Benny
 (a) Royal Desserts
 (b) Packard
 (c) Jell-o
9. Easy Aces
 (a) Anacin
 (b) A. & P.
 (c) Bayer Aspirin
10. Glenn Miller
 (a) Lucky Strike
 (b) Cities Service
 (c) Chesterfield
11. Charlie McCarthy
 (a) Pond's Cold Cream
 (b) Chase & Sanborn Coffee
 (c) Absorbine Jr.
12. Raymond Gram Swing
 (a) White Owl
 (b) Phillies
 (c) Wings Cigarettes
13. Major Bowes Amateur Hour
 (a) General Motors
 (b) Plymouth, Chrysler
 (c) Ford
14. Milton Berle
 (a) Canada Dry
 (b) Pabst Beer
 (c) Ballantine's Ale
15. Guy Lombardo
 (a) Woodbury's Soap
 (b) Lady Esther
 (c) Coty
16. Kay Kyser
 (a) Lucky Strike
 (b) Walter Raleigh
 (c) Camels
17. Gabriel Heatter
 (a) Kreml
 (b) Lavoris
 (c) Colgate's
18. Fred Waring
 (a) Listerine
 (b) Chesterfield
 (c) Kellogg Co.
19. H. V. Kaltenborn
 (a) Frigidaire
 (b) Studebaker
 (c) Pure Oil
20. Doctor I. Q.
 (a) Mars Candy Bars
 (b) Campbell's Soups
 (c) Heinz Soups
21. Big Town
 (a) Super Suds
 (b) Rinso
 (c) Ivory
22. Your Hit Parade
 (a) Lucky Strike
 (b) Jergen's Lotion
 (c) Brillo
23. Wayne King
 (a) Elizabeth Arden
 (b) Lady Esther
 (c) Luxor Cosmetics
24. William Shirer
 (a) Maxwell House Coffee
 (b) Postum
 (c) Sanka

25. Eddie Cantor
 (a) Ipana and Sal-Hepatica
 (b) Dr. West
 (c) Listerine
26. One Man's Family
 (a) Phillips' Magnesia
 (b) Sanka
 (c) Tender Leaf Tea
27. Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air
 (a) Johnson's Wax
 (b) Sherwin Williams Co.
 (c) General Electric
28. Orson Welles
 (a) Woodbury's Soap
 (b) Coty
 (c) Lady Esther
29. Paul Sullivan
 (a) Pall Mall
 (b) Walter Raleigh
 (c) Twenty Grand
30. First Nighter
 (a) Jergen's Lotion
 (b) Hind's
 (c) Campana
31. Amos 'n' Andy
 (a) Heinz Soups
 (b) Hormel Soups
 (c) Campbell's Soups
32. Dr. Christian
 (a) Vaseline
 (b) Philco
 (c) Parker Pens
33. Wythe Williams
 (a) Coca-Cola
 (b) Ovaltine
 (c) Gem Razor
34. I Love a Mystery
 (a) Burma Shave
 (b) Fleischmann's Yeast
- (c) Procter & Gamble
35. Myrt and Marge
 (a) Super-Suds
 (b) Quaker Oats
 (c) Tender Leaf Tea
36. Elmer Davis
 (a) Palmolive
 (b) Ivory
 (c) Camay
37. Take It or Leave It
 (a) Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
 (b) Eversharp
 (c) Westinghouse
38. We, the People
 (a) Sanka Coffee
 (b) Gold Medal Flour
 (c) Armour's Ham
39. Melody Ranch—Gene Autry
 (a) Bell Telephone
 (b) Wrigley's Gum
 (c) Drene Shampoo
40. Death Valley Days
 (a) Pacific Coast Borax Co.
 (b) Arm & Hammer Baking Soda
 (c) Fels-Naptha
41. The Crime Doctor
 (a) Rice Krispies
 (b) Brillo
 (c) Philip Morris
42. Stars over Hollywood
 (a) Morton's Salt
 (b) Lifebuoy
 (c) Dari-Rich
43. André Kostelanetz
 (a) Dutch Cleanser
 (b) Coca-Cola
 (c) General Electric
44. Walter Winchell

- | | |
|--|--|
| (a) Tangee Lipstick
(b) Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream
(c) Jergen's Lotion
45. National Barn Dance
(a) Alka Seltzer
(b) Zenith Radio
(c) Ford
46. Jack Armstrong
(a) Spry
(b) Wheatus
(c) Postum
47. Frank Morgan
(a) Maxwell House Coffee | (b) Sun Oil
(c) Borden's Milk
48. Knickerbocker Playhouse
(a) Fitch's Shampoo
(b) Drene
(c) Vitalis
49. Gladys Swarthout
(a) Prudential Insurance
(b) Republic Steel
(c) Cities Service
50. The Shadow
(a) General Electric
(b) Blue Coal
(c) Barbasol |
|--|--|



Answers to "What Do They Want for Christmas?"

1—B; 2—C (he's a golfer, it's two under par); 3—A (remember the hemlock); 4—C ("My kingdom for a horse"); 5—A; 6—B; 7—C (you've heard Charlie's quips about Edgar's thinning locks); 8—A (he's a vegetarian); 9—B; 10—C.

11—C; 12—B (of youth); 13—C; 14—B; 15—A (it's a fine violin); 16—B (to conquer); 17—B; 18—A; 19—C; 20—B (he concluded every speech with the statement, "Carthage must be destroyed").

21—B; 22—C (*Six Characters in Search of an Author*); 23—A (he had false teeth); 24—C (John the Baptist's); 25—C (he put pebbles in his mouth to attain it); 26—B (she covers quite a bit of territory); 27—A (if you saw the picture); 28—C (Maeterlinck's *Bluebird*); 29—A; 30—A.

31—C; 32—A (his wings fell off); 33—C; 34—A (he's a Hindu); 35—B (to give his country); 36—A; 37—B (*Pride and Prejudice*); 38—C; 39—B ("Give me a place to stand and I will move the earth"); 40—A (Atahualpa's ransom).

41—C (he's a philatelist, it's a stamp); 42—A; 43—B (yachting trophy); 44—C; 45—A; 46—C; 47—A; 48—C; 49—B; 50—C.



*Merriment and gaiety are the order of the holiday . . .
For those who want to add their share, the popular author
of "Betcha Can't Do It" suggests a clever stunt or two*

New Tricks for Parlor Gymnasts

by ALEXANDER VAN RENSSELAER

Spearing the Wreath

In a doorway hang a small Christmas wreath, the hole in the center of which should not be more than four inches in diameter. The wreath should be hung so that its center is about five feet above the floor, and the wreath will face the rooms on either side of the doorway and not the door frame.

Direct some one to stand about ten feet in front of the wreath, facing it, and tell him to cover completely his right eye with his left hand. Place in his right hand a crooked stick, two or three feet long, and instruct him to extend his right arm and point the far end of the stick at the hole in the wreath.

Now turn him completely around once and order him to walk rapidly up to the wreath and immediately spear the hole with his stick. Once he

starts towards the wreath he must not hesitate, and he must not remove his left hand from his right eye.

This stunt, which offers more sport than pinning tails on the donkey, is particularly appropriate for family Christmas parties.

A Drinking Stunt

When the wassail is being imbibed at your Christmas party and good cheer is running high, suggest this drinking stunt. Instruct one of the guests to lie on his back on the floor with his legs extended and together and with his arms extended on the floor back of his head, with the palms of his hands up and the ends of his two thumbs touching.

Now, between the index fingers of his two hands, close to his thumbs, place a tumbler of wassail or other

liquid refreshment and instruct him to grasp the tumbler with *both* his hands.

Without changing the position of his head, body or legs, he must bring the glass over his head to his chest and then, without moving his legs, rise to a sitting position and drink the contents of the tumbler. Of course, none of the contents of the tumbler may be spilled.

It might be well to add that the official costume for this activity is sou'wester, mackintosh and gum boots—or perhaps just a bathing suit.

Starring the Ceiling

This stunt offers an interesting, if roundabout way to decorate a room for a Christmas party. It also offers a good opportunity to win a bet.

Take a small, colored paper star, about the size of a silver half-dollar,

and through its center pierce a thumbtack. Now bet any one that he cannot throw the star and thumbtack up to the ceiling so that the thumbtack will pin the star to the ceiling.

It can be done very easily. First, moisten with your tongue the side of the star on which is the head of the thumbtack. Then place the moistened side on top of a silver half-dollar so that the head of the thumbtack rests on the center of the half-dollar and is between the star and the coin. Press the star against the coin. Now open your hand, palm up, and place the coin on the fingers, midway between the palm and the finger tips, with the point of the tack pointing upward.

Finally, toss the coin directly upwards towards the ceiling. The half-dollar will drive the tack into the ceiling and then fall to the floor, leaving the star fastened to the ceiling.



Answers to "Through Whose Courtesy?"

- | | | | | |
|---------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| 1. (b) | 11. (b) | 21. (b) | 31. (c) | 41. (c) |
| 2. (a) | 12. (a) | 22. (a) | 32. (a) | 42. (c) |
| 3. (c) | 13. (b) | 23. (c) | 33. (c) | 43. (b) |
| 4. (b) | 14. (c) | 24. (c) | 34. (b) | 44. (c) |
| 5. (c) | 15. (b) | 25. (a) | 35. (a) | 45. (a) |
| 6. (a) | 16. (a) | 26. (c) | 36. (a) | 46. (b) |
| 7. (c) | 17. (a) | 27. (b) | 37. (b) | 47. (a) |
| 8. (c) | 18. (b) | 28. (c) | 38. (a) | 48. (b) |
| 9. (a) | 19. (c) | 29. (b) | 39. (b) | 49. (a) |
| 10. (c) | 20. (a) | 30. (c) | 40. (a) | 50. (b) |

*Wonder what the New Year will bring?
Here's your chance to tell . . . And
may all of your fortunes be good ones*



A Fortune in Cards

by DOROTHY BANKER

AT THIS SEASON of Christmas and New Year's parties, do you, like little Jack Horner, sit in a corner? Then let it be known you tell fortunes with cards! Presto, you'll be as popular as the rotund gentleman with white whiskers himself.

Don't wail, "But I don't know how to tell fortunes with cards."

Here's how. You'll find it much simpler to learn than contract bridge.

Each card has a definite meaning that may be quickly learned, and a few combinations of cards have other meanings. There are several simple ways in which to lay them out for fortunes, and you may devise new ones as you acquire skill at this game, which serves equally well for private or public entertainment.

Here are meanings of the cards, all others being discarded.

♠	♥	♦	♣
A Appointment	House or home		Letter, phone call Gift or telegram
K Dark man	Blond man	Blond man	Dark man
Q Dark woman	Blonde woman	Blonde woman	Dark woman
J Unfriendly thoughts	Cupid	Good luck	Thoughts of a dear one
10 Surprise	Engagement	Marriage	Long journey
9 Disappointment or loss	Wish made	Large sum of money	Short trip
8 Delay	Love	Smaller sum	Prosperity
7	Romance	Change residence	Time card; in the near future
5	Secondary wish		

CARDS MAY be read together, and certain groupings take on meaning, as follows: ace of diamonds when next to the ten of hearts (engagement) or ten of diamonds (marriage), means a gift of a ring. Two or more kings together represent honor, and a jack and a king together bring good news. Three or four jacks in a row indicate drinking to excess, and three or four queens in a row suggest scandal.

First step in telling a fortune is to ask the "client" to concentrate upon a wish, made silently. This, of course,

will be represented by the nine of hearts, and its proximity to other cards and its place as they are laid out will indicate whether realization of the wish is certain or uncertain and whether it is in the present or future.

Next choose the card to represent the "client." For a dark man or woman, the card will be the king or queen of spades or clubs, and for a light man or woman, it will be the king or queen of hearts. Place this card in the center and—by any of the following methods—lay out the cards.

Method No. 1: Ask the "client" to shuffle the cards and cut into three piles. Read the top cards together, placing them into one pile again before laying them out. You can check each card against the glossary to obtain its meaning. The stacks are placed like this:

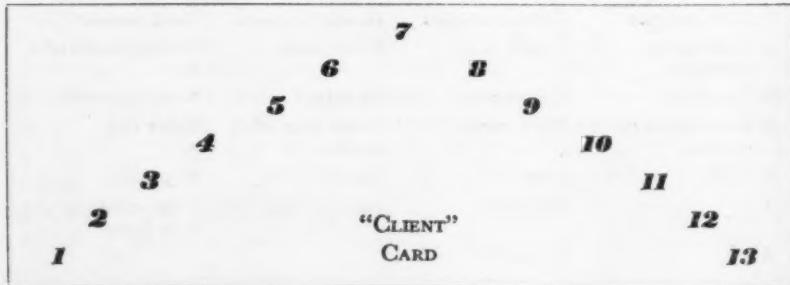
2. THE PRESENT

1. THE PAST

3. THE FUTURE

"CLIENT" CARD

Method No. 2: Ask your "client" to select thirteen cards. When he has done so, place them in a semi-circle around the "client" card and read them clockwise. They will look like this:



Method No. 3: Deal out the cards into six piles, placing three of the piles above, and three below the "client" card. Then read each of the piles in order, as follows:

1. To Your House

2. To Your Self

3. To Your Wish

"CLIENT" CARD

4. The Expected

5. The Un-Expected

6. What Is Sure to Be

All three methods may be used in telling a fortune, but in most instances, one of the three will suffice.

You and your "client" may not believe implicitly in fortunes told by cards, but many times the way happenings will occur as foretold will sur-

prise and delight you.

Best of all, if you know how to tell fortunes with cards, you'll not sit in a corner at holiday time. You'll be a center of interest because you will be providing diversion for others as well as yourself.

Part Time Profits

In past months, a very substantial number of men and women from nearly all walks of life have made welcome additions to their incomes by introducing Coronet to others. Representing Coronet in your community or your neighborhood provides a simple and dignified means of securing extra pleasures which you might otherwise be unable to afford. At the same time, too, this extra-income activity has another less monetary reward—the knowledge that you will be introducing others to Coronet's illuminating and entertaining editorial content. Probably there are enough prospective Coronet readers in your own circle of friends to give you a handsome return, since the remuneration is more than generous. If you are interested in joining the rapidly growing number of men and women who are thus securing extra-income profits by acting as part-time Coronet Representatives in their communities, you need only write to Richard Harrington, Coronet, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Promptly upon receipt of your request, all necessary particulars will be forwarded to you.

**Good Will
Toward
(Army) Men** Last Christmas we were particularly impressed by an announcement made by a popular early morning cheer-upper. Please don't send me Christmas greetings this year, he requested.

He then explained that he was turning the money thus customarily spent over to his favorite charity—and would appreciate his friends reciprocating.

All of which we thought was very nice—until, on second thought, it occurred to us that if such a practice became universal, a lot of businesses employing a lot of people would be forced to shut down. Hence more unemployment, greater need for charity—and so on to infinity.

Now, this Christmas, we are once

again particularly impressed—on first thought and on second thought.

It started back last fall, when someone decided to invite three or four boys from a nearby training camp to share their Christmas dinner. Naturally, the idea was to find boys too far from home or with no home to visit.

The idea seems to have caught on like wildfire. And while there is a tendency in certain circles to be patronizing about it, we're still for it.

We understand the officers in charge will give you marvelous co-operation. Thus, if your Christmas night plans include the opera, they'll see to it that you don't entertain a couple of drafted swing addicts. And vice-versa.

At any rate, before pooh-poohing, we suggest you turn to page 55.

The Coronet Dividend Coupon

(Clip and Mail this Coupon)



READER DIVIDEND COUPON No. II

Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine,
919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me one unfolded reprint of the gatefold subject indicated below. I understand that I can receive the gatefold, *Indian Summer*, as my free December reprint dividend, by checking the box next to it. I understand, also, that I may obtain either, or both, of the alternative dividends at 10c each (to cover cost of production and handling charges), if I so indicate.

- Dumbo of the Circus (enclose 10c)
- Indian Summer: Color Photograph by Paul Garrison (no charge)
- Mail Coach in a Drift of Snow: English Coaching Print (enclose 10c)

Name..... (PLEASE PRINT IN PENCIL)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Note: Reprints may be ordered *only* on this coupon—valid to December 25, 1941